

## BIG JANUARY

### Mark Down Sale Of Clothing

#### Men's, Boys' and Children's Winter Clothes

Marked way down below cost to close out to make room for Spring Goods.

This is a genuine Mark Down Sale where you can save money as we are over stocked with heavy goods.

Also a great line of Men's and Boy's Sweaters, marked way down, all sizes.

Don't fail to attend this sale, and save money.

## W. H. FAY,

3 Congress St., - - Portsmouth.

Highest in Quality.

Lowest in Price.

The Banner

Which has made each succeeding year our banner year. Our customers appreciate it for it makes them dollars.

Best Fancy Vermont Creamery Butter.....	27c
Best Full Cream Cheese, mild or strong, lb.....	16c
Fresh New Laid Eggs, dozen.....	28c
Best Salt Pork, backs, lb.....	10c
North's Best Lard, lb.....	10c

## AMES' BUTTER AND TEA STORE,

35 Congress St., Portsmouth.

26 Branch Stores in New England.

## 100 PAIRS MEN'S SHOES

OUR REGULAR \$3.00 AND \$3.50 SHOES MARKED DOWN TO

# \$2.49.

GREAT VALUES.

The White Shoe Store,

## Duncan & Storer

5 MARKET ST., PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

## SIGNAL MAIL BOXES

For Rural Mail Service --- Prices \$1.50, \$2.25 and \$2.75 Each.

THESE ARE THE ONLY MAIL BOXES APPROVED BY THE U. S. POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

## A. P. Wendell & Co.,

2 MARKET SQUARE

## AT THE WARWICK CLUB

### General Charles H. Taylor, Owner Of The Boston Globe

#### SPOKE ON SUCCESS IN LIFE AND MODERN AMERICAN JOURNALISM

Entertaining And Instructing Large And Representative Portsmouth Audience Last Evening

LAST EVENING'S WAS THE FIRST OF A SERIES TO BE HELD DURING THE PRESENT SEASON

At Association Hall under the auspices of the Warwick Club on Tuesday evening, taking as his subject "Modern Journalism," General Charles H. Taylor, proprietor of the Boston Globe, enthralled for an hour and forty-five minutes an audience representative of the highest business intelligence of Strawberry Bank.

The affair was the first of a series to be held under the auspices of this leading Portsmouth social organization during the present winter.

At The Rockingham General Taylor was met by the following reception committee, which escorted him to Association Hall:

President F. S. Towle, Vice President W. D. Grace, Hon. W. E. Marvin, Hon. J. A. Walker, Hon. Calvin Page, Wallace Hackett, John Pen-der, J. E. Pickering, A. F. Howard, J. H. Bartlett, H. B. Yeaton, C. W. Gray, J. S. Whitaker, J. M. Washburn, H. O. Prime, T. L. Norris, J. W. Brewster, Dr. A. J. Lance, Dr. A. B. Sherburne, Howe Call, Thomas H. Rider, J. W. Kelley, A. A. Mooney, C. F. Shillaber, F. M. Sise, Gustave Peyser and M. W. Ayers.

The invitation committee was as follows: President F. S. Towle, Secretary George B. Wallace, Harry B. Yeaton and M. W. Ayers.

The banquet committee was made up of the following: George B. Wallace and Charles W. Gray.

At Association Hall General Taylor was met by about two hundred and fifty members of the club and prominent local business men, to whom he was introduced by President F. S. Towle.

The reception committee took seats on the stage, and General Taylor began his address at eight o'clock, finishing at a quarter to ten.

General Taylor is one of the most interesting speakers who has ever stood on a platform in New England; no one who has ever spoken in this city has created a more favorable impression.

His talk was interesting not alone to the business men, but would also have been listened to with profit and attention by every workman, every schoolboy and girl, every minister and in fact, every citizen had it been possible for the hall to accommodate so many.

It would indeed be a dull brain which could not extract from such an address matter of profit to the follower of any vocation.

The General also has the happy faculty of lending charm to a subject which would be dry in the hands of many by interspersing it with pleasing anecdotes and witty comment and interjection.

So rapidly did the time pass that few in the audience realized that nearly two hours had elapsed when the speaker had concluded.

General Taylor began with the old news sheet of the hand press and followed its evolution up to the present day, when 400,000 copies can be struck off each hour.

He also dealt at some length with the linotype machine, which is used

in the office of The Chronicle and by nearly all of the successful newspapers.

That General Taylor's success in life speaks for itself was shown when he told of his beginning work at \$1.50 a week, after which he became a press room boy in the office of the Boston Traveler, advancing by quick stages to the position in life which he now occupies.

He told of the careers of Horace Greeley and Joseph Pulitzer, but accorded to James Gordon Bennett of the New York Herald credit for originating every fundamental successful idea adopted in modern newspaperdom, saying that there is no branch which he did not originate.

He illustrated Bennett's starting the Associated Press when there was but one wire between Washington and New York. This could then be used only twenty minutes at a time by one patron, and the uniting of the newspapers to receive a single story was Bennett's idea.

The foreign news was first sent over in packets. Bennett originated the idea of having it come over in steamers and later brought out the great cable news-gathering service.

To one particular point he attributed success in general, i. e., to one's giving one's employer a little more work than was expected. A man who works thus, he showed, is pointed out as lucky, while the fellow who puts on his hat and coat a little before the whistle blows, wonders why his life is a failure.

He also alluded to the success of Edward Childs of the Philadelphia Ledger, comparing it with that of the men before alluded to.

He divides, he said, the people of the country into three classes,—the twenty-five thousand class, the one hundred thousand class, and the class of millions. The man who would succeed, he believed, must cater to the millions.

An interesting point for the business men was General Taylor's allusion to the inadvisability of reaching out for a leader in the employ of a rival house. It must, he asserted, be a poorly managed concern which has not the right man for promotion in its employ.

Here the General concluded his most interesting address.

At ten o'clock the Warwick Club served lunch to the attendant company.

The special guests of the club who came with General Taylor were Retiring President J. N. Parker of the Beacon Club, Boston, and its present

### STRUCK BY A TRAIN

#### While Walking on the Track Near Plaistow

#### AND TAKEN TO HOSPITAL WITH FATAL INJURIES

Percy Ledoux, twenty-five years old, and Miss Gretta E. Miller, twenty-four years old, both natives of New Brunswick, and employed in Plaistow, were struck by a freight train on the Boston and Maine railroad near Plaistow on Tuesday night, receiving injuries which will probably result fatally in both cases.

Both were injured internally. In addition, Ledoux had an arm and a leg broken and Miss Miller sustained a fracture of the arm. They were taken to the Hale Hospital at Haverhill, Mass., on a special electric car. The hospital surgeon said both would die.

The young couple were walking on the railroad track and stepped from in front of an on-coming east-bound freight train only to be struck by a west-bound train.

Ledoux belongs in Wickham, N. Hives, eczema, itch or salt rheum sets you crazy. Can't bear the touch of your clothing. Doan's Ointment cures the most obstinate cases. Why suffer. All druggists sell it.

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## GEORGE B. FRENCH CO.

### HOUSEKEEPING LINENS AT VERY LOW PRICES.

WHETHER OR NOT YOU WANT TO BUY THE FACT REMAINS THE SAME—WE ARE DOING IT.

25 cents for Unbleached Table Damask—39 cents for a much better one.  
45 cents for a Bleached Linen Damask—55 cents buys Satin Finish Damask.  
69 cents for Extra All Linen Damask, choice floral patterns and cloth full width.

### MADE UP ALL PURE LINEN COVERS AND TABLE SETS.

THE COVERS ARE EITHER FRINGED OR HEMSTITCHED—PATTERNS ARE VERY DESIRABLE AND PLEASING.

Covers, Wide Fringe, Super Satin Finish Linen.....2.25 to 3.75  
Hemstitch Covers, Wide Hem, Real Irish Linen.....2.25, 3.25 and 4.00 each  
Table Sets, either Fringed or Hemstitch Finish, Covers 2 yards to 2 3/4 yards long, Napkins to match, per set.....5.00, 5.75, 6.50, 6.87 and up to 10.00 per set

### BATH AND CHAMBER TOWELS---ALL LINEN CRASHES OF RELIABILITY.

A Huckabuck Chamber Towel, finished ends.....8 cents  
Huckabuck Union Towel, 26x30.....10 cents  
Large and Heavy Huck Chamber Towel.....12 1/2 cents  
Pure Linen Huck Towels, hemstitch.....25 cents  
Bath Towels, 16x30, only.....10 cents  
18x36 Bath Towels, very heavy.....12 1/2 cents  
Extra Size Bath Towels.....19 cents  
Face Cloths.....5 cents and 8 cents  
Crashes in Cotton Twilled at.....5 cents  
All Linen Crash.....6 1/2 cents  
Napkins in Half Dozens at a Mark Down—150 Dozen Napkins, All Linen, per dozen.....75 cents to 5.00

### OUR GLOVE BARGAINS.

No Such Quality Elsewhere For The Money.

In Kid Glove Wear our Street Glove is best at 1.00.  
1.89 for our Superior Quality in Dent's Glove.  
Gloves for the Street or for Evening Wear that fit.

### BURSON HOSE.

We Still Suggest Your Buying of the the Very Popular Hose, No Seams,

## Only 15 Cents

### OUR LACE COUNTER.

We Promise You Bargains Here.

Odd Lots of Fashionable Laces in Cream, Ecru and White, never out of use and now in odd lots at.....

## Half Price

### NONE TOO EARLY TO BUY YOUR SEASON'S WHITE WAISTINGS.

Lots of New Patterns, Mercerized in the Yarn, sure to retain the Mercerized Effect, at.....17 cents, 21 cents, 25 cents and 33 cents, very select designs  
New Percales Arriving—New Dimities—Long Cloths, all grades.  
Latest Fads in Gilt and Silver Belts, very handsome ones at.....50 cents

THIS CONTINUOUS WARM WEATHER OF OURS—THAT'S THE REASON WHY WE HAVE MARKED SUCH UNPRECEDENTED UNHEARD OF PRICES OF ALL OF OUR REMAINING SUITS, JACKETS, COATS AND SKIRTS.

All Wool Tricot Waistings, some thirty pieces, assortment of colors, now.....21 cents  
Skinner's Satins, in every respect unequalled for service and satisfactory effect.....1.50  
Taffeta Silks.....in Choice Colors 59c, 87c, in Black 59c, 67c, 75c, 87c, 1.00  
Messaline Silks in Soft Lustrous Finish.....79 cents  
Chiffon de Soie in Fifteen Choice Shades for Evening Wear, the latest, at.....39 cents  
500 yards of Fancy Silk Waistings, usual price 1.00 per yard, our price.....69 cents



NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE



# EFFECT OF UNIVERSITIES

Carnegie Says They Unfit A Man For Commercial Work.

## FAVORS PUBLIC SCHOOLS

University Education Tends to Make a Clergyman a Religious Anarchist—The Inconsistency of Compelling Sailors to Study the Classics.

An American who was recently a guest of Andrew Carnegie at Skibo Castle sends to the New York World from Scotland an account of his visit, from which the following is an excerpt:

The subject of education came up. A learned Dutch baron declared that many people are over-educated.

"Yes," remarked Mr. Carnegie, "Lord Reay, here, who speaks five languages, knows too much."

In reply to a question, the philosopher of Skibo launched out this way: "One of the aberrations of the age is the sacrifice of time to ancient classics on the part of young men preparing for a business career. A man with a university education is a man lost to commerce. A young man who begins business at 18 is very much better off than he who spends three or four years in a university studying old ruffians who lived 2,000 years ago. Studying skirmishes among savages in the classics is no preparation for a man going into the iron, steel or coal business. Greek and Latin are no more use than Chockaw, except to the few. Why should English sailors have to learn the language of Virgil, Horace and Cicero? English officers study classics. What's the result? They have foolish courage. Instead of saving themselves they allow themselves to be shot and say they are dying for their country. I prefer an officer who would make an intelligent run when necessary and then come back and live for his country."

"Do you condemn university education for all?"

"By no means. I am speaking of the uselessness of university education for the young man who has to make his way in life. The man who is born to wealth can do as he pleases. He has no interest for me. He rarely amounts to anything, any way. Those preparing for professional pursuits should go to the university by all means."

"Do you make any exception?"

"Yes; clergymen. University education injures them. It leads them to higher criticism. They begin to pick flaws in the Bible. They moment they begin that they are done for; they are no good for religion. They lead to intellectual and religious anarchy."

A remark by Mr. Carnegie about looking to the masses of the people to cure social ills led to a conversation upon democracy.

"Are you still as devout a believer in the people as when you wrote 'Triumph of Democracy'?" Mr. Carnegie, I queried.

"Yes," he replied. "Years have made me love that teaching more and more. If democracy does not succeed, then there is no hope for humanity. The classes have failed; now democracy is getting a show. I have no fear for democracy in America. When things begin to go seriously wrong there the people set them right with a sudden jerk."

"What is the greatest American institution?" I asked.

"The public school house."

"What makes America so great?"

"Equality and the fact that its foundation was laid by a colonizing race."

"Does your republicanism diminish by absence?"

"No. It increases. I am more republican than if I had been born in America, for I realize better the meaning of the word republic. The great thing is to be a citizen and not a subject."

Talking of annexation, he said: "Canada will yet annex us; so will Mexico. Both will ask the privilege of coming into the Union. We will not force them. The request if properly proffered will not be refused. We should have taken Canada in the War of Independence. It would have been just as easy."

From this the conversation drifted to temperance. Turning to one of his guests, who had the stuff of a social reformer in him, Mr. Carnegie said: "I have the best temperance lecture in Scotland. I give an increase of 10 per cent in their wages to all my men who come to me at the end of the year and tell me they have been total abstainers. It works like a charm. They are all temperate; all have money in the bank. My young chauffeur might retire tomorrow, and the interest on his money would bring in \$600 a year."

"Do they ever pretend to be abstainers when they are not?" I asked.

"No. A Scotchman will not lie to you. He knows his Bible and his Burns. It may be the Bible, but I think it is the influence of the national poet, who taught them that a man is a man for a' that."

**Elephants' Milk.**

The milk of an average cow contains about 4 per cent of cream; nearly 20 per cent of the elephant's milk is cream. Even buffalo milk is about twice as rich as cow's milk, and the creamiest of all, that of the porpoise, actually holds over 45 per cent of cream, says Knowledge.

**Decline in Sheep.**

Statistics show that the flocks of the world have declined at least 93,000,000 head since 1873, an average of more than 3,000,000 annually. If the world is eating up its sheep, is it not sensible to conclude that the value of mutton must hold firm for many years to come.

# THE RISE OF GEO. W. PERKINS

Interesting Sketch of the Career of an Enterprising Financier.

The annals of finance—certainly do not chronicle an example parallel to that which characterized the career of George Walbridge Perkins, who, starting out in life as an office boy in an insurance company in Chicago when 15 years of age, has, in less than a quarter of a century, risen to the position of leading partner in the world renowned banking house of J. Pierpont Morgan & Co.

George Walbridge Perkins was born in Chicago on Jan. 31, 1862. There he was educated and received his training in business life. At the age of 15 he decided that he would enter into some business occupation and give up his schooling, preferring the practical lessons of business life to the theoretical ones of the school. Accordingly, he became an office boy in the employ of his father, then a western agent of the New York Life Insurance Co. of New York, under whose able tuition he acquired those habits of thrift, industry and application which have so conspicuously marked his career; and, with an ambitious youth's natural desire to record a successful career, he devoted himself from this humble start unsparingly and untiringly to the accomplishment of his purpose. This was in 1877. Two years thereafter he was promoted to the position of assistant bookkeeper in the Cleveland office of the New York Life. In 1883 he was made cashier in the same office. Then, in 1886, he was advanced to the position of solicitor for the insurance company. In 1888 he became the agency director at Denver, Col., for the New York Life and inspector of its agencies in the west in 1889. Then, on Feb. 29, 1892, Mr. Perkins, having familiarized himself so thoroughly and mastered the details of the business of the company, was elected third vice president of the New York Life, with headquarters at the home office in New York city, where he was placed in charge of the entire agency force of the company and won signal success. He was afterward advanced to membership in the board of trustees on May 10, 1893, promoted to the position of second vice president on April 13, 1898, and on Dec. 27, 1900, was elected chairman of the company's finance committee.

The great opportunities for large financial dealings at home and abroad which his connection with the New York Life afforded, Mr. Perkins commanded the attention of so eminent a banker as J. Pierpont Morgan, who then proffered him an important position in his banking house, an honor which Mr. Perkins at first declined, but, after, and on a second invitation, accepted, and in 1901 he became a partner in the banking firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., New York; Drexel, Morgan & Co., Philadelphia, and Morgan, Harjes & Co., Paris; but he did not relinquish his connection with the New York Life, of which he was elected vice president on May 13, 1903.

In his newer capacity as partner in the banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co., Mr. Perkins proved himself shrewd in judgment, enterprising in projecting and able in execution. He has engineered some of the greatest deals of the Morgan firms, and in the few years he has been connected with the banking house he has reached a commanding position in the financial world.

Mr. Perkins, among other achievements for the New York Life, secured a new concession for that company from Australia, also a new concession from Switzerland and a new concession from Prussia. In 1899 he negotiated the first Russian loan ever placed in the United States, and in 1900 he was instrumental in placing the first German loan ever brought to the United States.

Mr. Perkins is one of the hardest workers, although a picture of healthy young manhood, standing almost six feet tall. "Hard work and strict attention to business have," he says, "been my rule of life," and this rule has undoubtedly achieved for him the success he has won.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**The Mysterious Ingredient.**

The class in chemistry had made a thorough analysis of sea water, and the young man with the bad eye was making his report to the professor.

"In addition to the solids I have enumerated," he said, "such as common salt, or chloride of sodium, together with the various sulphates, carbonates, bromides, iodides and borates, not to mention lime and silica, and the gold, silver and copper held in solution, we find a perceptible trace of a substance which defies analysis. I have a theory concerning it, however, which I hesitate to mention, inasmuch as it only a hypothesis, and not capable of actual demonstration."

"Let us have your theory," said the professor.

"It is this, sir," the young man answered, with visible reluctance: "It is an established principle in physics that nothing in the nature of matter is ever lost. It may be widely diffused among the elements, but it is there. While it may fail to respond to chemical tests with sufficient distinctness to enable the investigator to classify it, nevertheless its presence must be recognized. Hence, I have come to the conclusion, professor, that the mysterious substance to which I have referred, and of which we find only the faintest trace, is the tea that was thrown overboard from those British ships in Boston harbor by patriots disguised as Indians on the evening of December 16, 1774."

"You may take your seat, sir," sternly interrupted the professor.—Chicago Tribune.

A chorus girl has sued a St. Louis theatrical manager for \$20,000. She might as well have made it \$40,000. She would have received just as much advertising.

# TO PROTECT NIAGARA

From Further Encroachment of Electric and Other Plants.

## CANADIANS AT FAULT

Three Power Houses at Present at Victoria Park—Great Factories Abound and Mar the Scenery—There is a Prevailing Air of Commercial Activity.

President Roosevelt is said to be receiving many requests to take action for the preservation of the falls of Niagara, and in this manner public sentiment is declared to be manifesting itself in relation to the great water spectacle, says the New York Sun.

Fifty years ago the fear was expressed that the erection of the original railway suspension bridge across the Niagara gorge would mar the beauty of the scenery, and this was one of the reasons why, when the structure was built, it was located two miles below the falls. Later on, in 1888, another bridge project developed at Niagara, the plan being to erect a foot and carriage bridge still closer to the falls.

This was opposed on sentimental grounds, but finally the charter was granted. The bridge was built. Years after it was rebuilt, and still later gave way to the present upper steel arch. The lower suspension bridge gave way to the present railway steel arch bridge.

There was much opposition to the construction of the Gorge railway, it being declared that the beauty of the New York bank would be ruined by it. Still the road was built, and is now patronized by thousands of sight-seers daily.

The scenic line along the Canadian cliff was another new feature which it was feared would act detrimentally to Niagara, but, in combination with the Gorge road, it now serves as a means for visitors to escape from the Niagara hackman, the most greedy individual that ever gained foothold at a beauty spot.

The diversion of a portion of the flow of the upper river by means of the hydraulic canal was welcomed by the citizens of the former village of Niagara Falls, who saw in the development of the plan the start of a great industrial future. The world cheered the enterprise of the Niagara Falls Power company when it decided to develop power by means of the tunnel and wheel pit method.

There are now three power companies engaged in the development of power in Victoria Park under franchises granted by the commissioners of that park and approved by the Ontario council and government. One of these companies contemplates a development of from 180,000 to 200,000 horsepower.

This concern is the Ontario Power company, whose power house is located at the water's edge in the gorge, very close to the Horseshoe Fall. To effect this development it will run three or more huge steel flumes for a distance of a mile or more through the park boundaries, covering them with earth, in order that they shall not mar the natural beauty of the park.

Its power station in the gorge will be extended as each section of the development is projected, until ultimately if the company's plans do not miscarry, there will be a building several hundred feet long at the water's edge in the gorge, right in full view of every person who views Niagara.

Strenuous efforts have been made to obtain from the state legislature other franchises for Niagara power development during recent years. These efforts have been so vigorously opposed by various interests in the state that they have failed of becoming law.

New York state shares with the province of Ontario the possession of Niagara river. New York does not see fit to grant further power rights at Niagara, but it opens its doors to the product of the big power houses receiving their life from water which belongs to New York as much as it does to Ontario.

## A COSSACK'S CHILDHOOD.

### First Steps in the Rearing of These Savage Servants of the Czar.

Powerful light is thrown on Cossack nature by the revelations made by the Russian whom Ernest Poole quotes in his article, "Peasant Cattle," in the Everybody's.

"What a fine cook Granny!" relates the Cossack, in describing his childhood. "She made bright yellow cakes, big as this big fur hat. It took a long time to bake the cake in the brick oven; it was so soft and delicate that even if you stamped on the floor and jarred the oven the big cake would fall into a lump of dough and be good only to feed the geese and the peacocks. So old Granny used to hobble up and down in front of the oven waving off all of us who tried to get close for a smell; and even if one of us little brats shouted or swore she would curse us soundly in a whisper for making a jar in the air. If you've ever heard a Cossack swear you will see that Granny was right, for a Cossack curse could stop a big locomotive running full speed down a mountain! Ha! Ha! Ha!" He learned back and grew red with laughing.

"Well! well!" And my good, fat mother—what borsch (soup) she used to make in the deep earthen bowl! When she poured it all spluttering into the brown earthen basin, then we brats used to stand around, each with his wood spoon. We each dipped out a big chunk of meat; if one of us took two pieces, how quick old Granny would beat him in the face with her spoon! We young dogs were always hungry!"

# RAPID GROWTH OF DIVORCE.

More Husbands Than Wives Apply for Complete Dissolution.

The growth of divorce in England, as in the United States, has grown so rapidly, says the London Mail, that it is causing uneasiness to those who are concerned in the moral health of the nation. It is now 47 years since the divorce court was constituted. Before Jan. 1, 1858, complete dissolution of marriage could only be effected by act of parliament, and consequently it was a privilege enjoyed by the very rich alone.

In the first year of the court's existence it had to deal with 326 petitions. Fewer applications for release from the marriage tie were made during the second and third years; in the fourth year, 1861, low water mark was reached, the petitions numbering 236.

From that date up to the present time there has been a continuous rise, but marked, as in the progress of trade, or emigration, or any other affair measured by statistics, by frequent remissions.

The judicial statistics, published this year, only go to 1903, and they show that in 1902 the highest point was touched. In that year there were a total of 1,050 petitions for dissolution of marriage, judicial separation, nullity, restitution of conjugal rights, etc.

The South African war acted as a disturbing factor. Many members of the class among whom divorce is most common were away, and, therefore, unable to take action. Thus the petitions fell by nearly 100 in each of the first two years of the war, and rose when the war came to an end.

The acts of 1878, 1886 and 1895 endowed the poor with some of the privileges of the well-to-do, and here there is real occasion for alarm on the score of morality. Any wife proving desertion, refusal to maintain her, or aggravated assault, on the part of her husband, can obtain a separation order which carries a weekly payment for her maintenance at the discretion of the magistrate.

While husband and wife are parted forever, the divorce is not complete. Marriage with another would be bigamy. There is only one moral safeguard—the maintenance order is revoked on proof of misconduct. The situation created is certainly hazardous.

Many curious facts are revealed by the judicial statistics. For instance, judicial separation is going out of fashion. Some people who cannot live happily together are disinclined to resort to measures for complete dissolution of the marriage and remain content with judicial separation, the old a mensa et thoro. But the number has fallen 12 per cent since 1888. It is the wives who keep it up. In 1903 the applicants for judicial separation comprised 86 wives and only four husbands.

More husbands than wives apply for complete dissolution. This is a curious fact, for it is true of other countries also where equal facilities are offered to the two sexes. The change in the status of women is shown, however, by a tendency in this difference to disappear.

A remarkable fact is that the increase of divorces corresponds with an older marrying age. People marry later in life now than formerly, and apparently with less judgment as to compatibility.

But more remarkable is the length of time husband and wives take to find each other out, so to speak. Taking the average of five years (1898-1903), nearly half the petitions were filed by people who had been married from ten to twenty years.

## SHOWING WALL PAPERS.

Conveniences for Exhibiting Under Artificial Light.

Silks have long been shown in stores, when desired, by artificial light, so that the customer may see how they will light up, how they will look at night. Nowadays wall papers are shown in like manner.

There are wall papers that look well by day but not so well by night, and then there are wall papers handsome by day that are much handsomer under artificial light—papers that light up well. And it is a common thing now for purchasers in selecting wall papers to look at them by daylight and also by artificial light.

Purchasers have, indeed, long done this in a way. The salesman would hold up for their inspection a roll of paper under a gaslight. But now in some wall paper establishments there are found electric lighted rooms in which wall papers can be shown as they would appear at night under artificial light on the wall.

The rooms for which papers are thus selected are likely to be not sleeping rooms, but rooms that are occupied by night as well as by day for living purposes—rooms in which it is important that the papers should light up well and be gratifying to the eye—the parlor, the dining room and the library.

## Natural History.

"The moth," remarked the man who assumes superior knowledge, "has never been credited with the sagacity it really possesses. The moth is an epicure."

"It'll eat anything in sight," replied his auditor.

"That's where you are wrong. It is a creature of taste and discernment. You have observed that it eats holes in your evening clothes, and only attacks your business suit when there is nothing else."

"Which is sheer cunningness," replied his auditor.

"Not at all. When you attend a banquet you wear your evening clothes. And the moth's procedure conclusively demonstrates that it knows the difference between terrapin and champagne and plain restaurant soup."—Washington Star.

# HOW I ACQUIRED WEALTH

Sir Thomas Lipton Says There Is No Royal Road To Riches.

## WORK EARLY AND LATE

Deal Honestly—Be Enterprising—Exercise Careful Judgment—Advise Freely—Success Is the Reward of Labor—Great Firms Maintained on Fixed Principles.

"There is no royal road to riches, and, in a business as big as mine, no back lane. My methods are open, and anybody can see them. A successful concern is created and maintained by the recognition of great facts and obvious principles—the growth of population and the increased facilities of intercommunication among men and nations. These are the great factors in forming great businesses. To supply the many instead of the few, to handle large instead of small quantities, and to be the grower, the manufacturer, as well as the vendor and retailer—to do all this is to adopt, in short, a system of business obvious and open to all."

"Though he who drives fat oxen need not himself be fat, a captain of industry must live up to his name—must himself be industrious. That is my belief, and it has been my practice all my life. Beginning work at an early age, I left Glasgow for New York, in the hope of finding shorter avenues to fortune than the old country afforded. I got experience, at any rate, in New York city, on a South Carolina plantation, and elsewhere. I got a little purse together, too—enough to take me back to Glasgow and my parents, to better whose position was then the main-spring of my efforts and ambition."

"In High street, Glasgow, was opened the first of the provisions marts which are now numbered by hundreds throughout England, Ireland and Scotland."

"I was able to go to my native Ireland as a great buyer of her produce; by degrees I got my own tea plantations in Ceylon; my own carts and ships and ice storage vans; my own fruit gardens in Kent; my own biscuit factory. London by degrees became the great center for collection, for storage and for distribution; and the monster warehouses in the City road are the result."

"How much value I place on industry, and how I believe in devoted hard work at the thing once for all accepted as a man's 'calling' in life may be seen from the fact that even at this stage of my career I generally work from 9 in the morning to 10 at night. It has been said, by many who have a right to speak, that labor is never anything but painful, however willingly undertaken and courageously done. But I think this was the conclusion of men who had one of the two kinds of labor to do—the entirely physical and the entirely mental. It is painful to stoop under a burden all day, and 'the man with the hoe' is not one of the favorites of fortune."

"I do not say that hard work has not its own liberty, its own enlargement, its own relaxation. It has all these. It has also its own romance—a romance that does not exist for the mere dilettante. The trifler trifles even with happiness. I think that the man who makes a great business must put himself into it; but I do not mean by that he must necessarily become a machine. Against that notion I would put a long list of names, beginning with Peabody and not ending with Carnegie."—New York Journal.

## EVEN THE AIR INTOXICATES.

Visitors in Burton-on-Trent Affected by Fumes from Big Ale Vats.

Burton-on-Trent, the center of the English brewing industries, has the peculiar faculty of mildly intoxicating the stranger within its gates, says the Chicago Chronicle. The resident has become accustomed to the mildly alcoholic fumes which arise from the innumerable brewing vats, but the susceptible stranger finds exhilaration and finally a mild form of intoxication in the atmosphere; an effect which does not wear off for several hours after his arrival.

On every hand the big brewing houses are throwing off fumes from the vats of malted liquors, and, while these are imperceptible to the resident, more than a thousand authentic instances are said to have been recorded of persons to whom the air has proven to possess properties that both cheer and inebriate.

Just as in certain parts of the west the arsenious fumes from the smelters destroy vegetation and imperil health, the vapors of the English brewing capital destroy the sobriety of the abstainer and fill his head with vagrant fancies. As many visitors to the place are actuated by a desire to see for themselves the great industry which they are doing their modest best to suppress, and as they are the most sensitive to the atmosphere of the town those who gain their living from the brew houses take great delight in observing these involuntary lapses from principles.

## The Love Apple.

Tomatoes, once considered poisonous by our ancestors who grew the plant merely for ornamental purposes under the name of "love apples," are now grown and eaten as common food to the marvelous extent of over 30,000,000 bushels annually. Even after the "love apple" was found to be non-poisonous, the vegetable was merely used as a condiment for flavoring purposes for a number of years, but today no household is so poor to boast of its use as a staple food.

The pen is mightier than the sword because it is always in the write.

# OUR FOREIGN PENSIONERS.

Three-Quarters of a Million Dollars Sent Every Year.

Four times a year the little red, green and black pension vouchers which the United States government issues to the men who fought in the army and navy or to their widows and dependent relatives are sent all over the world says the Brooklyn Eagle. There are more than 5,000 foreign residents whose names are carried on the pension roll in this city, and all told they receive every year, in round numbers, three-quarters of a million dollars.

It would be hard to find a community of any size, either on the great continents or among the islands of the seas, that does not contain one or more United States pensioners. No restrictions are placed on the habits of those who enjoy the bounty of our government and after once establishing their right to a pension they may live anywhere they elect. No matter how far off they may travel the pension vouchers will follow them. The great majority of the foreign pensioners live in Canada. There are 2,582 of them on the other side of the border, and their pensions aggregate \$370,000 a year. Germany harbors the next largest number, followed by Ireland and England. These four countries alone take \$500,000 out of the United States treasury every year.

United States pensioners have established themselves in such remote places as Samoa, China and Egypt. A colony of an even dozen pensioners lives in Liberia. There are 16 pensioners in Japan, the same number in Hongkong, and eleven in India. The Isle of Man claims two United States pensioners, there are the same number in the Isle of Pines, and one each in the Cape Verde Islands and the Comoro Islands.

## BIBLE WITH A HISTORY.

Has Been in Use Nearly One Hundred Years.

Kept securely under lock and key in the supreme court room at Washington there is a small Oxford Bible around which cluster many notable and historic incidents, says Leslie's Weekly. It was printed at Oxford in 1799, first came into the court's service in 1808, and is believed to be one of the 20,000 imported by congress a few years before. During its court career of nearly a century this volume has been called into service every day on which the august tribunal has held session.

The great constitutional lawyers of the formative period of our government, as a prerequisite of their admission to practice before this learned body, kissed its material face.

Besides these great legal lights, every associate and chief justice, with the exception of Chief Justice Chase, who had a Bible of his own, and every lawyer, except Daniel Webster, sworn to practice before the supreme court bar has taken his oath of allegiance on this little book. It is a tradition of the court that when Daniel Webster came before this high tribunal in his first argument in the defense of the chartered rights of his alma mater, Dartmouth college, against the legislative attacks of New Hampshire, by some strange inadvertence the oath was not administered. The tradition goes further, intimating that the judges were so impressed by the eloquence of his appeal, which stands out today as a classic in legal lore, that they either forgot or dared not mention his dereliction.

It is no wonder that this little Bible is so carefully preserved, endeared as it is with the memories of America's greatest statesmen and jurists. When a President is to be sworn the clerk of the court usually purchases a new Bible, and after the certificate has been affixed he presents it to the first lady of the land.

## CRIMES CAUSED BY ABSINTHE.

Swiss Papers Tell of Horrors of the Work of These Fiends.

Crimes by absinthe drunkards are becoming so alarmingly frequent in Switzerland that the press is urging the authorities to check the sale of the liquor, which may be bought at almost any village shop. The author of a long series of mysterious incendiary crimes and cattle maiming outrages near Nyon, in the canton of Vaud, proved to be an absinthe maniac. In the case of the six Valais guides who brutally attacked a companion on the mountains, and almost hacked him to pieces with their knives, it is stated that they were under the influence of the fatal liquor at the time the crime was committed.

At the temperance congress held at Neuchatel, in 1903, the French export, Dr. Legrain, gave an interesting account of the action of the absinthe poison. After three years' absinthe drinking a man becomes weak-minded and full of ever-increasing nervous anxiety. He grows moody, taciturn, suspicious, eccentric, untrustworthy and apt to quarrel without cause. If he continues to take the deadly liquor his body becomes a mere automaton, and he obeys without hesitation the auto-suggestions of the mind, often killing, maiming and destroying with savage glee those nearest and dearest to him.

## American Women's Jewels.

To the average English woman her jewelry is merely an adjunct, having no particular connection with the rest of her toilet, but added at random. Not so with the transatlantic smart woman. She dresses to her jewels and has her gowns made to match them.

## French Army Uniform.

The French army is to be uniformed in khaki. The characteristic kepi is to disappear and will be replaced by a gray helmet for full dress, with a soft hat for service use.

# SUDDEN CHANGE OF VIEW.

He Made a Difference in the Young Man's Career.

District Attorney Jerome was discussing the absurd defenses that criminal lawyers sometimes induce their clients to set up. "They often remind me," he said, "of an elderly woman who was walking along the street with her son, a boy of twelve. Suddenly she halted, enraged."

"Look at that intoxicated brute across the way," she exclaimed. 'Did you ever see anything so disgusting? Where are the police?' Of course, never at hand when they're wanted. That drunken beast ought to be locked up for a year."

"The boy who had been looking intently through the dusk at the reeling man, now said in a low voice: 'Why, mother, that's brother Bill.'"

"At this the woman threw up her hands with a gesture of horror and despair."

"Oh," she cried, the saloonkeepers have been drugging that poor child again."

## Took Honeymoon Separately.

Charles Felton Pidgeon, the statistician of Massachusetts, is studying the question of race suicide. The other day he said:

"I knew in Roxbury, when I lived there, a Scotch tobaccoist who got married. Meeting him a few days after the wedding, I said:

"Why, Donald, I thought you were away on your honeymoon!"

"Well, so we are," the simple young fellow answered. "Mary is down at Cousin Tam's for a week, and I'm going to take a week when she comes back."

## Sure Thing.



Cannibal Chief—What did you get from that shipwreck that was washed ashore yesterday?

His Chief—A shoemaker and a case of sherry wine.

Cannibal—Then we'll have a sherry cobbler for luncheon.

## Something to Be Gained.

"Moses," he said to the old colored man around the warehouse, "I hear that you have a son in college."

"Yes, sah, my son Peter has done gone to college, sah," was the proud reply.

"Going to make a great man of him, eh?"

"I dunno how great Peter will done turn out, sah, I reckon if he stays in dat college long 'nuff he'll come home and be able to tell a pull-out from a rooster in de darkest night, and not makes so many mistakes."

## How the Coolness Started.

Reggy—I wonder what makes Mrs. Fewcast so kind to me recently? She awakes me to walk on the avenue every day now.

Percy—It's your face that does it, dear boy.

Reggy—Do you really think so?

Percy—No doubt about it, bah jove! It's the fashion to be attended by a bull pup, ye know, and can't afford the real article, don't ye see?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Couldn't Quite Deny It.

Miss de Muir—You never gamble, do you, Mr. Featherfoot?

Mr. Featherfoot—Why—h'm—I sometimes play a quiet little game of progressive euchre at one of our church socials, but that's all.—Chicago Tribune.

## Both Were Shy.

Tom—Well, if you think so much of her, why don't you get married?

Jack—Because we are both shy. Tom—How's that?

Jack—I'm shy of her because she is shy of rash.

## Feminine Charity.

He—It is rumored that Mrs. Grass-weeds is a woman with a past.



Published every evening, Sundays and holidays excepted.

Terms, \$4.00 a year, when paid in advance, 50 cents a month, 2 cents per copy, delivered in any part of the city or sent by mail.

Advertising rates reasonable and made known upon application.

Communications should be addressed

F. W. Hartford, Editor.

HERALD PUBLISHING CO., PUBLISHERS.

Portsmouth, N. H.

Telephone 37-1.

Entered at the Portsmouth, N. H., Postoffice as second class mail matter.

## For Portsmouth and Portsmouth's Interests.

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TUESDAY, JAN. 30, 1906.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 31, 1906.

### DISPOSSESSION

In the current number of Harper's Magazine there is an article, "New York Revisited", by Henry James, a part of which describes the author's impressions after a visit to Ellis Island. The great number of Americans in the embryo seen there affected Mr. James unfavorably, so much so that he assures his readers that he has not yet fully recovered from the shock he there received. It is to him as if the immigrant were taking the place of the native American, dispossessing him, appropriating America and American institutions and changing them to conform to their ideas, regardless of the wishes of the native born.

"This sense of dispossession, to be brief about it," writes Mr. James, "haunted me so, I was to feel in the New York street and in the packed trajectories to which one clingsingly appeals from the streets, just as one tumbles back into the streets in appalled reaction from them, that the art of beguiling it or duping it became an art to be cultivated—though the fond alternate vision was never long to be obscured, the imagination, exasperated to envy, of the ideal, in the order in question; of the luxury of some such close and sweet and whole national consciousness as that of the Switzer and the Scot."

Henry James has been called an expatriate and perhaps he is. Notwithstanding he has here touched a cue on than which have more vitally important confronts the American people today. Restriction of immigration has become an absolute necessity if we are to escape race substitution. The menace of Ellis Island must appeal to every man who stops for a moment to reflect as strongly as it did to Mr. James. His nightmare of dispossession may come true if our dilatory Congress does not speedily act.

It seems to us that there is but one solution of the immigration problem and that is restriction. Distribution of immigrants in the sparsely settled districts would be better than allowing them to herd in the great port cities, but this would only postpone the real solution; it would not itself solve our problem.

For immigrants of the desirable class there will always be room. It is only to those who gave to Mr. James that uncomfortable feeling that his native land was being taken from him that we wish to close the gates. The real Americans are still in the majority, but how long can they remain so, think you, if aliens are to continue to pour into the country at the rate of millions a year?

Henry James has sounded a warning that it behooves us to heed. It is easily within our power to avoid the fate which he half predicts for us and which is almost a certainty unless this Congress of ours is brought to a realizing sense of its duty. Dispossession is not a pleasant thing to contemplate. It must be made impossible.

### BIRDS' EYE VIEWS

Labor leaders would do well to devise a system of riotless striking.

A four-year-term for New York may-

allows plenty of opportunity for an exercise of honest judgment—or of graft.

Col. Mann's pen was certainly of the trenchant sort, and maybe forced some of those "new rich" to retrench expenses.

A Washington preacher is delivering sermons from an automobile. The express companies have all along stood ready to do that.

It is said that John L. Sullivan is winning fame and money as a monolog artist. If John could spend fame, he probably wouldn't have any of either left.

The short lobster fishermen are said to have threatened shooting the wardens if they attempt to arrest them. Well, we'd rather, in any event, not be the warden.

The deficit in the treasury of the United States is increasing at the rate of one million dollars a week. Why can't our legislators save on expenses by cutting down the Congressional mileage?

A grand jury at Natchez, Miss., failed to uncover any attempt at hazing in a college there. That grand jury should be taken up by the government and placed on permanent court martial duty.

Rabbi Messing told the Tuskegee graduates that it is better to be a first class man than a fourth class postmaster. As a rule, however, our fourth class postmasters are first class men, the majority of exceptions being those cases where the postmaster is a postmistress.

A new Californian law makes parties caught listening to a telephone conversation on a "party line" liable to five years or less in the state penitentiary, imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding one year, a fine not exceeding \$5,000, or both fine and imprisonment. Perhaps it is to reap the benefits of this protective law that so many Portsmouth people are moving to California.

### ROCKINGHAM COUNTY'S NEW RACE TRACK

Says the Boston Traveler: "The new course at Salem, N. H., will be one of the prettiest I have ever seen," said a local horseman, yesterday, "and the location is a perfect one. The work is being put through in great shape, and already one can get a fine idea of what the place is going to look like. The slope of the lawn and general surroundings remind me very strongly of the track at Morris Park." According to reports at Salem the plan of weighing jockeys in and out of the paddock has been abandoned, and that of weighing out at the stand, as has been the practice of the Jockey Club for a number of years, will be in order.

### ELKS' MEETING

Portsmouth Lodge of Elks has an initiation, at its regular meeting on Thursday evening next, followed by refreshments and an entertainment.

### MEETS TOMORROW

Addie F. Burkett Circle meets tomorrow evening with Mrs. William Higgins, Elwyn avenue.

### ORDERED TO DUTY HERE

Chief Carpenter W. F. Stevenson is ordered to duty at this navy yard.

## The Better Way

The tissues of the throat are inflamed and irritated; you cough, and there is more irritation—more coughing. You take a cough mixture and it eases the irritation—for a while. You take

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

and it cures the cold. That's what is necessary. It soothes the throat because it reduces the irritation; cures the cold because it drives out the inflammation; builds up the weakened tissues because it nourishes them back to their natural strength. That's how Scott's Emulsion deals with a sore throat, a cough, a cold, or bronchitis.

WE'LL SEND YOU A SAMPLE FREE

SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl Street, New York

### OUR EXCHANGES

#### The Tapestry Weavers

Let us take to our hearts a lesson—no lesson can braver be—From the ways of the tapestry weavers on the other side of the sea.

Above their heads the pattern hangs, they study it with care, The while their fingers deftly work their eyes are fastened there.

They tell this curious thing, besides of the patient, plodding weaver; He works on the wrong side evermore, but works for the right side ever.

It is only when the weaving stops, and the web is loosed and turned, That he sees his real handiwork—that his marvelous skill is learned.

Ah, the sight of its delicate beauty, how it pays him for all his cost! No rarer, daintier work than his is ever done by the frost.

Then the master bringeth him golden hire, and giveth him praise as well, And how happy the heart of the weaver is no tongue but his own can tell.

The years of man are the looms of God, let down from the place of the sun, Wherein we are weaving away, till the mystic web is done.

Weaving blindly but weaving surely, each for himself his fate; We may not see how the right side looks—we can only weave and wait.

But, looking above for the pattern, no weaver hath need to fear; Only let him look clear into heaven—the perfect pattern is there.

If he keeps the face of the Savior forever and always in sight, His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his weaving is sure to be right.

And, when his task is ended, and the web is turned and shown, He shall hear the voice of the Master, it shall say to him, "Well done!"

And the white winged angels of heaven, to hear him thence, shall come down, And God shall give him gold for his hire not coin, but a crown!

—Anson G. Chester in The Century.

### Credit Due Gen. Wheeler

Gen. Wheeler's funeral at Brooklyn, N. Y., yesterday, with its flag draped casket and escort of Spanish war veterans, national guardsmen, veterans of the civil war, North and South, is convincing proof that the old time sectional feeling is passing away, and to him more than anybody else was due the credit for bringing this about.—Boston Traveler.

### A Mixed Question

Rabbi Fleischer of Boston says that divorce is escape from hell. Well, is that why some of the clergy oppose it? This is an awfully mixed question.—New York Telegram.

### Australia Suspicious

After some twenty years' experience of them, Australia looks with suspicion on unemployed processions, bands and fiery resolutions for the establishment of national relief works. But they are a novelty in London, and, according to the cables, appear to be creating quite a popular sensation.—Liberty and Progress, Melbourne.

### Don't Send Him, Then

The United States senatorship in New Jersey is assuming prominence in view of a coming senatorial election. Why return Dryden? As well send McCurdy or McCall.—Springfield Republican.

### It's Early Yet

It begins to look as though there is small hope for some of President Roosevelt's pet measures unless the country elects a Democratic House of Representatives next time.—Charleston News Courier.

### So Would Others

President Castro, like the boy waiting in the woodshed, would probably be glad to know what France is going to do and have it over as soon as possible.—New York Tribune.

### THE THEATRICAL FOLK

#### "The Matchmaker"

In the character of Father Daly in his new comedy "The Matchmaker" Daniel Sully has a congenial role, which fits him like a glove. It shows him a priest in Boom City, Idaho, who by his kind hearted genial manner wins the affection of every one around him; he is never backward about giving the boys advice on a "hoss trade" or consoling them when they are dejected because of loss of cards. His power over the inhabi-

tants of the mining camp is supreme and one word from him has more effect than an order of the highest tribunal of justice in the land; but unfortunately he has a bad habit of mixing in the divers love affairs of his parishioners, which is the occasion of ludicrous blunders, but happily matters straighten themselves out and all are happily mated in the end. The story told throughout is a pretty and natural one. The author has not soared outside the realms of possibility for his climaxes and their natural tone makes them all the stronger. It is a simple tale of life in an American mining camp, beautifully told with a strong atmosphere of comedy, permeating the play and preventing the story from becoming serious. Mr. Sully will appear at Music Hall on Thursday evening of this week.

### Keith's Theatre

The artistic feature of Keith's vaudeville show for the week of Feb. 5 will be Jean Marcel's has reliefs, a form of living pictures seen at this popular playhouse a little over a year ago. Perhaps there is nothing to be witnessed in vaudeville more beautiful and artistic, and they are so far above anything of the sort seen here before that comparison is out of the question. Several new subjects have been added in imitation of some of the most noted pieces of statuary in the world. These postings are by famous French models and will surely be a great treat for artlovers of which there are not a few hereabouts. The surrounding show contains what has become to be the usual enough European attraction and an unusual number of faces new to theatregoers hereabouts. Prominent on the list will be found S. Miller Kent, a popular "legitimate" actor, in a pleasing little comedy sketch, entitled, "Just Dorothy"; Smith and Campbell, two of the most amusing of conversational comedians; Waterbury Brothers and Tenny, in a musical comedy entitled, "Harmon Island"; the Wotpert trio, with new and original feats in the acrobatic line, specially imported for the Keith circuit; Clifton Crawford, formerly of "Mother Goose" company and well known in Boston as the author of several of the Cade's "catchy" songs and who has developed into an unusually interesting monologist; the Messenger Boys trio, harmony singers and comedians; the Edgertons, aerial acrobats; Daisy Dumont, pleasing vocal comedienne; Jack and Bertha Monroe, in a comedy sketch, and Tom Almond, novelty dancer on ice and roller skates. A complete new list of comedy and interesting motion pictures will be exhibited in the kinetograph.

### AT MUSIC HALL

"The Bells" Was The Attraction Presented On Tuesday Evening

"The Bells" was the attraction presented at Music Hall on Tuesday evening by the competent cast of the Colonial Stock Company, and in which the young actor Rollo Lloyd made another notable hit.

The play was one of merit and was ably staged.

The specialties carried by this company are pronounced to be first class. Vonder and Bellmare, comedy acrobats, never fail to win applause.

Remaining performances by the Colonial Stock Company will be as follows: this afternoon, "The Power of the Church"; this evening, "Blow for Blow"; Friday afternoon, "For the Love of a Brother"; Friday evening, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"; Saturday afternoon, "What Happened to Brown"; Saturday evening, "Queen of the Mines."

### INCORPORATED AT KITTERY

The following has filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of state of Maine: Simpson Company, organized at Kittery for the purpose of engaging in the importation and sale of gloves, hosiery and underwear with \$1000,000 capital stock of which nothing is paid in.

Officers: President, Horace Mitchell of Kittery; treasurer, S. J. Morrison of Portsmouth, N. H. Certificate approved, Jan. 26, 1906.

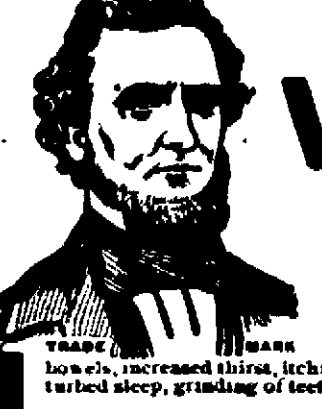
### NATIONAL GUARD REORGANIZATION

A prominent military man predicts that the New Hampshire National Guard will be organized in the near future into one regiment of twelve companies.

### THE LAST DAY

Saturday is the last day to enter your bid against the brown-tail.

"My child was burned terribly about the face, neck and chest. I applied Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The pain ceased and the child sank into a restful sleep."—Mrs. Nancy M. Hanson, Hamburg, N. Y.



## UNSUSPECTED WORMS

are the cause of numerous little things that go wrong with children. When they are sick you rarely think their sickness is caused by worms. They are rarely treated for worms. Yet worms are the cause either directly or indirectly of over 75 per cent. of the ailments of children. They are also frequent cause of ill-health in adults. The familiar symptoms of worms are disturbed health, deranged stomach, furred tongue, variable appetite and loss of sleep, increased thirst, indigestion, malnutrition, disturbed sleep, grinding of teeth, slow fever and often in children, convulsions.

## DR. TRUE'S ELIXIR


is the only safe, sure, entirely vegetable worm remedy ever compounded. It not only expels worms but all waste matter, leaving the blood rich and pure and the whole system strong and healthy. It is known and used successfully for three generations. This testimonial came with an order for more Elixir.

Uxio, Me., March 27, 1906.

Dr. J. F. True, Auburn, Me.: My youngest son shows symptoms of having worms, and I know that your worm medicine will give prompt relief. My oldest son now has worms, was, when a boy, sickly and in poor health. We gave him your Elixir and he grew and thrived on it. We believe it saved his life. MRS. JOHN COOKSON.

Sold by all druggists. Price 50c. per bottle. Write for free booklet "Children and their Diseases."

**DR. J. F. TRUE & CO., Auburn, Maine.**  
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Positively no charge unless entirely satisfactory.

Hours—1 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 9 p. m.

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Opposite Hotel Merrick.

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in the store  
No. 31 Market Street,  
Portsmouth, N. H.

The Stock comprises dry goods, fancy goods usually kept in dry goods stores, ladies' suits, skirts and hats; men's and boys' clothing, hats, caps, furnishing goods, trunks, bags, umbrellas

Mr. Gustave Peyser and Mr. H. C. Hopkins have made an inventory of this stock, and the fixtures, and they have valued it at \$1021.30. The valuation placed upon this stock by these two gentlemen represents the present value and not the cost value.

This inventory or appraisal may be seen at any time at my office by prospective purchasers.

Prospective purchasers may examine the stock at any time by applying at my office and asking for Mr. Harding.

I will receive percentage bids on the inventory value at my office, No. 13 Pleasant Street, Portsmouth, N. H., on or before Friday, February 2nd, at twelve o'clock. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids.

If the purchaser of the stock desires a lease of the building, he must make his own arrangements with the owners' agents.

John W. Kelley, Assignee of  
M. W. Goodman & Co.

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WANTED—A capable, energetic man or woman to represent us in this section. Must be thoroughly reliable and willing to work. Salary to right person \$150 per week. Address Solomon Drug Co., Boston, Mass. jan16,wed,sat,fr

FOR SALE—Fine tone Mandolin and Ray State Guitar with Case (new) Will sell cheap. Address Music, Chronicle, jan9,c,h,w

TO LET—A nice front room, heated, with bath connected. Inquire No. 23 Austin St. jan30,c,h,w

WANTED—Manager for branch office we wish to locate here in Portsmouth. Address, with references, The Morris Wholesale House, Cincinnati, Ohio. jan28,c,h,w

WANTED—Ladies and gentlemen to take orders for a high class magazine. Large commissions. Cash prices. Write J. C. Traher, 80 East Washington Square, New York, N. Y. mebls,3f

FOR SALE—A modern, up-to-date seashore cottage. One of the finest spots on the New Hampshire coast. Address "S.," care Chronicle. aug10,c,h,fr

FOR SALE—A room house and barn on Maplewood Ave. and Prospect St. Apply to C. H. Almy, 57 Market St.

SAFE FOR SALE—A good safe which cost new \$250.00 can be purchased at a bargain. Address C. W. D., Chronicle office. 17

TO LET—House on Kingston Street, vacant after Nov. 1st; furnace heat. Apply to Sugiun Brothers, No. 5 Green Street. oct14,c,h

TO LET—10 room tenement cor. Cass and Islington Sts. Apply to C. E. Almy, 57 Market St.

WISH SCORE CARDS for sale at this office sep10,c,h,fr

PRINTING—Get estimates from the Chronicle on all kinds of work.

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred Boston Brindle Bull Dog, 2 years old, also Pup, 3 months. Address Kennel, Chronicle, jan30,c,h,w

PLACARDS—For Sale, To Let, Furnished Rooms To Let, etc., can be had at the Chronicle office.

WANTED—Live agents in every town in New Hampshire and Maine to represent the New Hampshire Gazette. Address this office

Piano for Sale—Parlor grand upright, only three years old; but little used. Owner leaving town reason for selling at very low figure. Call at once, Dr. Robinson, New Castle, N. H. jan25,h,fr

NEW FACE BRICKLAYERS WANTED at P. S. Moseley estate, Curran Mill Road, Newburyport, Mass. Apply to Contractor on the premises. jan29,c,h,w

## Why Insure With The Travelers?

Because This Company Guarantees For No Larger Annual Payment a Far More Liberal Life and Endowment Policy Than is Issued By Any Other Company.

The above is not "Agents' say so, but fact which we are only too pleased to prove.

C. E. TRAFTON,  
District Agent.

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS

F. S. TOWLE, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

14 STATE ST., PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Office Hours—Until 9 a. m.; 6 to 8 and 7 to 9 p. m.

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Physician and Surgeon,

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OFFICE HOURS—Until 9 a. m., 6 to 8 and 7 to 9 p. m.

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George A. Jackson

CARPENTER

—AND—

BUILDER,

No. 6 Dearborn Street

Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to.

W. J. MANSON,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER.

JOBBI'G OF ALL KINDS

PROPTLY ATTENDE

Address Cor. Dennett And Bartlett

GraniteStateFire

Insurance Co.

Or Portsmouth, N. H.

Paid-Up Capital, \$200,000

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38 Middle St.

FOR SALE—Farm, 20 acres, will

keep 4 cows and horse; 6 room house,

clean, never falling well, barn 21x36

shed 21x36.

H. W. NICKERSON

LICENSED EMBALMER

—AND—



# For The Good of All

Royal Baking Powder is equally valuable for the preparation of the finest, most delicate cookery and for substantial, everyday food.

Royal Baking Powder has been used by three generations and is employed in baking by the best families everywhere.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

## BOSTON AND MAINE NEW WAGE SCHEDULE IN EFFECT

The increase in the pay of Boston and Maine employees, amounting to from ten to fifteen per cent. is in effect. The agreement was reached on Thursday. Conductors will now receive \$3.50. Through freight trainmen will receive \$2.25 for a day of 11 hours, with mileage pay on the basis of 100 miles for the day's run. But in case of overtime, they will receive overtime pay when it is mileage at the rate of 2 1/3 cents a mile. This

action of the Boston and Maine railroad puts its employees on a better basis than any road in the eastern part of the United States, the men in the service claim. The number of men affected by the increase is estimated for the system to be not far from 20,000, which will mean an increase in the payroll of the company of more than \$5000 a day, or the rise of \$1,825,000 a year. The increase affects not only trainmen and conductors in the freight service, but applies alike to passenger service.

## LOCAL DASHES.

Good-by January.  
Lent begins this month.  
Will February be a winter month?  
How many robins have been seen up to date?  
Work at the paper plant is being energetically pushed.  
January more than equalled the unusual record of December.  
Safe skating has been found of late only on very shallow ponds.  
Col. Taylor was a visitor whom it was a pleasure to entertain.  
Winter sports have not been enjoyed hereabouts to any great extent.  
February brings the first holiday of the year to New Hampshire people.  
The local army of automobilists will receive many recruits this year.  
This evening at Music Hall: "Blow for Blow" at Music Hall this evening.  
Rose bushes in some parts of the city are actually showing green sprouts.  
Over in York signs of spring are even more numerous than they are in Portsmouth.  
Yesterday in the church calendar was the day of King Charles I., Martyr, A. D. 1648-9.  
Top spinning and jumping of ropes may well be the favorite juvenile pastimes of February.  
What would be the effect of protracted cold on the vegetation called forth by the mild weather?  
The calendar with the local view as its pictorial attraction is considerably in evidence this year.  
Those who repose faith in Candlemas day traditions will anxiously note the weather of Friday.  
The smelt fishermen prefer more cold weather in winter, at least, enough to freeze Great Bay.  
The weather of the winter has been unusually favorable for all sorts of out-of-door work except ice cutting.  
Tickets are now on sale at Music Hall box office for the appearance of Daniel Sully in "The Matchmaker" on Thursday evening.  
"Retail trade would have been better this winter if the weather had been colder", is the way a local merchant sums up the situation.  
Friday will be Candlemas day, popularly supposed to be the day which decides what the weather of the remainder of the winter shall be.  
February is all a winter month and two-thirds of March belongs to the supposedly frigid period. Therefore, it will be well not to congratulate ourselves too soon.  
The Boston and Maine railroad dynamometer car from the International Correspondence School left here this (Wednesday) morning for Portland, to test out the hauling capacity of the locomotives over that part of the system. The engine had 1327 tons of freight behind it, and had hard work on the start from this city. A trailing engine followed the special to help out if it became stalled.

## WANTED

### An Opportunity

To make you **HAPPY** by installing a **GURNEY HEATER** in your house.

**No Dust  
No Dirt  
No Trouble**  
The cost is **SMALL**

The comfort **CREAT**  
**W. E. PAUL,**  
45 Market St.,  
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

## Horse Shoeing

CARRIAGE WORK AND  
BLACKSMITHING.

If your horse is not going right come and see us. We charge nothing for examination and consultation.  
If you want your carriages or carts repaired, or new ones made, we will give you the benefit of our 45 years experience in this business without expense.

Sign Hanging and General Job Work  
Attended To.  
Satisfaction Guaranteed.  
**MRA C. SEYMOUR.**  
21-2 Linden St.

**FIRMMAN'S**  
**INSURANCE COMPANY**  
Of Newark, N. J.  
Organized 1855

Assets \$3,320,722

Slav & George Agents

## ANNIVERSARY 35

Of Damon Lodge, Knights  
Of Pythias.

OBSERVED AT PYTHIAN HALL  
LAST EVENING

Dancing Was Greatly Enjoyed By  
Those Present

THE COMMITTEES IN CHARGE ARE DE-  
SERVING OF CREDIT

The thirty-fifth anniversary dancing assembly of Damon Lodge, No. 9, Knights of Pythias, was held in Freeman's Hall on Tuesday evening, and was one of the most successful social functions ever held by the Knights.

The hall was tastefully decorated with flags shields and bunting of various kinds, and the beautiful gowns carried on the effect to a high degree. Hoyt and Parker's excellent company musicians rendered a concert preceding the dance and the music was catchy from beginning to end, while the music for the dance was every bit as acceptable.

The concert program follows:  
March, "En Avant," Gungl  
Overture, "Starlight," Theo. Morse  
Cornet Solo, "The Lost Chord," Sullivan

John H. Parlin  
Finale, von Ette  
The committee in charge left nothing undone to afford keen pleasure for the large gathering of guests.

At nine o'clock the grand march was started, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Foote led the long line of marchers which included 100 couples.

The circle and sixteen numbers fol-

lows:  
Quadrille  
Waltz  
Two Step  
Portland Fancy  
Schottische  
Waltz  
Lancers  
Intermission thirty minutes  
Two Step  
Waltz  
Virginia Reel  
Schottische  
Quadrille  
Waltz  
Two Step  
Portland Fancy  
Waltz  
Floor Director—Harry H. Foote.  
Assistant—Gilman D. Chapman.  
Aids—Frank E. Hodgdon, George A. MacDonald, Leonard W. Chestnut, L. G. Dore, Charles E. Woodsum, A. W. Stuart and Edward H. Drake.  
Reception Committee—A. O. Benfield, Hon. W. O. Jenkins, Hon. John Ponder, Hon. George D. Marcy, Col. John H. Bartlett, Ernest L. Guptill, Clarence H. Paul and Willis B. Mathes.

## KITTERY LETTER

Newsy Items From Our Regular  
Correspondent

Kittery, Jan. 31.  
Thursday evening, Feb. 1, where will be a concert for the benefit of the music fund of the Second Christian Church, which promises to be very interesting. The tickets are within the reach of all and you will enjoy the program, which has been carefully arranged under the skillful management of Mrs. Flora Hayes Spinney. The program will be as follows:

Part First  
Trio for piano, Annie Prince, Helen Dunbar, Mrs. Spinney.  
Violin solo, "Love Dreams," Kern  
Mr. Robert O'Brien  
Piano solo, "Woodland Brooklet," Ganschall Op. 124  
Miss Annie Prince  
Reading, selected,  
Miss Minnie Burke Eldredge  
Piano solo, "Still in Abundant," Ganschall Op. 123  
Miss Helen Paul

Beneficial to elderly people  
who suffer from dryness of  
mouth and throat. In home only.

Vocal solo, "I Know a Lane in Springtime,"  
Mr. Victor Amee  
Piano solo, Galop Burlesque,  
Guilet Op. 12  
Mr. Orman Paul  
Vocal,  
a. "My Alpine Love," Goerdeler  
b. "Loch Lomond," Old Scotch  
Miss Adelaide Brown  
Piano solo, "Blondine,"  
Brandt, Op. 135  
Miss Alice Perkins  
Part Second  
Reading, "Hiram Ten Smith, Farmer,"  
Mrs. Luella Paul Rudolf  
Piano solo, Coeurs et Fleurs, Tobain  
Miss Helen Dunbar  
Vocal, "In Thy Blue Eyes," Th. Giesi  
Miss Bernice Breed  
Piano, Valse Lente, Turner Op. 35  
Miss Jessie Irene Wentworth  
Vocal, "The Arab's Prayer,"  
Gottschalk  
Mr. Arthur Lane  
Piano, Waltz,  
Miss Luella Smith  
Violin, Martinata,  
Toste  
Mr. O'Brien  
Piano, Morceaux Caracteristique,  
Wollenhaupt, Op. 22  
Mrs. Fred Hatch  
Vocal duet, "Wicked Cupid,"  
Messrs. Ames and Lane

Mrs. M. M. Urann and daughter,  
Miss Mina, are passing the day in Boston.

Mrs. Nathan H. Jenkins is confined to her home on Otis avenue by illness.

There was a large attendance of the local branch of the W. C. T. U. at the meeting held this afternoon at the home of Mrs. George Damon on Government street.

The Ladies' Aid Society connected with the Second Methodist Church will meet Thursday afternoon with Mrs. George Damon on Government street, where it is hoped for a large attendance.

Charles O. Jenkins of Boston was in town yesterday.

Dr. and Mrs. Turner and daughter Eva, of South Berwick, Me., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherbourne in Love lane recently.

Don't fail to attend the teachers' institute this evening at Trape Academy. Piano recital begins at 7.30 and is as follows:

Valse de Concert, Tito Mattel, Rev. E. H. Macey.  
Polonaise Militaire in A Major, Chopin.  
Duet, Mrs. J. W. Hobbs and Miss Amy B. Fernald.  
Hungarian Rhapsody, Liszt, Mr. Whitcomb.  
Vocal solo, Miss Litchfield.  
Address, "Frills in Education," Superintendent Nickerson, Melrose, Mass.  
Song, Luna, Trape Academy chorus.  
Address, State Superintendent W. W. Stetson.

## DOVER GOES ONE BETTER

The Boston Post of last Sunday contained an article from Portsmouth stating that Edward J. Moulton of that city was one of the assessors of taxes in that city, and had just observed his eighty-second birthday; that he was the oldest man holding a political office in that city or in the state of New Hampshire.

Now that is not correct, for Nathaniel C. Hobbs of the city of Dover has just passed his eighty-fourth birthday, and has been a member of the board of assessors of this city for twenty-five years, being re-elected last fall for the next two years. Mr. Hobbs retains his mental faculties far beyond persons of his age, walks our streets erect with a firm step, and keeps in touch with the affairs of our city and country at large. He is a Republican in politics, and is the oldest office holder in this city.

Now let New Hampshire trot out its assessors and see who is the oldest one in the state.—Dover Democrat.

## SPECIAL LOW RATES

To all points in Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon and British Columbia, February 15th to April 7th, 1906. Round Trip Homeseekers' Tickets on special days. Write at once for information and maps to Wm. Kelly, Traveling Agent, Wisconsin Central Railway, 290 Broadway, New York City.

For Over Sixty Years  
Mrs. Wixlow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, relieves all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

## MEETS TOMORROW IN SOUTH ELIOT

The Ladies' Circle of the Advent Church, South Eliot, meets tomorrow with Mrs. Albert Hurst.

Don't use harsh physics. The reaction weakens the bowels, leads to chronic constipation. Get Doan's Regulents. They operate easily, tone the stomach, cure constipation.

## NAVY MEN CLUM

They Do Not Like Attitude Of Congress

FEAR SOME NAVY YARDS MAY BE  
CLOSED DOWN

Naval officers are in a state of despondency over the attitude which the House has assumed toward appropriations for the navy department. Threats of cuts began with the refusal of the committee on appropriations to sanction the \$100,000 deficit which the bureau of steam-engineering had incurred upon the sanction of Secretary Bonaparte.

In other bureaus of the department there are corresponding cuts. The bureau of yards and docks has accumulated a deficiency of \$175,000 and the sum has not been included in the urgency deficiency bill of the House appropriations committee.

If this action is adhered to and only the appropriation asked for passed, it will mean the most rigid economy on the part of the bureau, and this means that a limited force of men will be employed at all of the yards and that some of them will be forced to close before the end of the fiscal year, provided the bureau clings to the idea now being inculcated by Congress, that a deficit must not be incurred by any bureau in any department.

## SENT FLORAL PIECE

The employees of the depot cafe under Manager E. H. Libby sent a handsome floral piece to South Troy, Vt., on Tuesday, for his deceased sister, Mrs. George Smith, whose funeral occurred in that town today (Wednesday).

Portsmouth Weld will once more hear the umpire shout, "Play ball", about Fast day.

## Beecham's Pills

When lack of appetite is caused by overeating, take Beecham's Pills to relieve the feeling of heaviness. When a sick stomach takes away all desire for food, use Beecham's Pills. They invariably tone the digestion and

Create Good Appetite  
Sold Everywhere. In boxes 10c. and 25c.

LOW RATES  
to the  
**Pacific Coast**  
via the  
UNION PACIFIC

From Feb. 15th to April 7th, 1906, reduced rates will be in effect from Chicago to Principal points in Utah, Montana, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, Nevada and California.

\$33.00

Chicago to {San Francisco, Cal.,  
Los Angeles, Calif.,  
Portland, Oregon,

and corresponding low rates to other points. Reductions from the East:

The New Fast Train,

"THE LOS ANGELES LIMITED"

has Electric Lighted Tourist Sleeper without change, Chicago to Los Angeles, Calif., via Union Pacific and the New SALT LAKE ROUTE. Four days from New England.

For full information, folders, etc., address,

W. MASSEY, N. E. F. & P. A.,  
Union Pacific Railroad Co.,  
176 Washington Street,  
Boston, Mass.

## OLIVER W. HAM.

(Successor to Samuel S. Fletcher)  
60 Market Street.

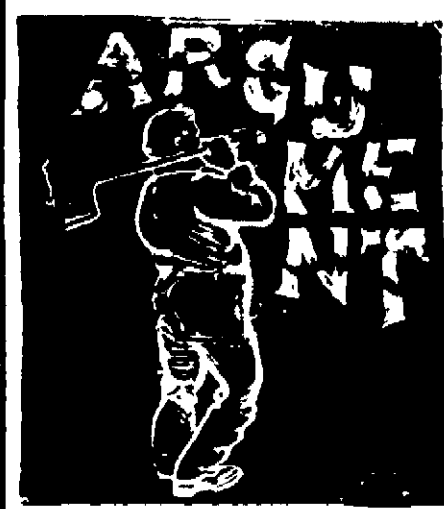
Furniture Dealer

—AND—  
Undertaker.

NIGHT CALLS a 62 and 64  
Market street, or at residence  
cor. New Vaughan street and  
Raynes avenue.

Telephone 59-2.

## A SQUARE DEAL.



Our red tag sale is a square deal. No misrepresentation. No "watered" prices. The difference between the former price and the red tag price is what you actually save on your purchase.

We have just added about forty suits, long pants, 100 boys from 14 to 17. We have placed in these suits—the values of which range from \$7.50 to \$15.00—the ridiculously low price of \$5.75. Samples can be seen in our clothing display window.

**HENRY PEYSER & SON,**

"Selling the Clothes of the Present."

# SO FAR

Not a single competitor has been able to produce even an inferior Ale to put on the market as a substitute for our

## Lively Ale

Perfection in brewing that has not been attained by any other Brewery makes this Ale so popular.

## The Frank Jones Brewing Co. Ltd.

Brewers of the Famous Frank  
Jones Portsmouth Ales.

## The Victor Talking Machine



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"  
**IS WITHOUT A PEER.**

It reproduces the voices of the world's greatest singers faultlessly. Come into THE UP-TO-DATE STORE and hear the great Tenor, CARUSO, and be convinced that all talking machines are not mechanical toys. New Records every month.

Canney's, 67 Congress St.

## THOMAS R. SANDFORD, THE TAILOR.

AT BRITTON'S EXPRESS OFFICE,

22 DANIEL ST.

The Finest Line of Woolens for Men's Wear Now Ready.

CUSTOM WORK STRICTLY—REPAIRING AND CLEANSING  
—SATISFACTION ASSURED.

Suits Cleansed \$1.00. --- Trousers 25c.

## THOMAS R. SANDFORD, THE TAILOR.

Wood Letters, Scrolls and Ornaments for Signs  
a Specialty.

Plate Rail with Brackets and Combination  
Plate Rail and Picture Moulding

Picture Mouldings to Match all Papers.

**GARDNER V. URCH**

No. 23 Hanover Street.

Residence Telephone 52-5.

**D. P. PENDEXTER,**

**Carpenter And Builder**  
CARRIAGE AND SLEIGH REPAIRING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES  
JOBBER A SPECIALTY. ESTIMATES AND PLANS FURNISHED.

**D. P. Pendexter, - - - 13 Hanover St**



**Women Break Down Because They Have Kidney Troubles and Don't Know It.**

Women of every age and condition break down and are brought to the verge of utter collapse because they have kidney troubles and don't know it. The disease saps vitality—shatters nerves—makes work, or rest, or sleep impossible. If you are tired out, irritable and depressed, suffer from dizzy sick headaches, pain in the back and sides, irregular flow of the urine, etc., don't neglect it, for delay is often fatal. Begin using Doan's Kidney Pills, and see how quickly you will feel better, work better, rest better and sleep better. Doan's Kidney Pills have cured many Portsmouth women. Here's Portsmouth proof of it:

Lemuel White, living at 24 Bridge St., Portsmouth, N. H., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills have done me more good than all the doctors' prescriptions and other remedies I have taken. Nearly eight years ago I gave a testimonial to the effect that Doan's Kidney Pills brought immediate relief to me after I had been troubled for five years with kidney trouble. At that time I was annoyed with pains and aches in the small of the back around the kidneys. The action of the kidney secretions was weak and I was obliged to rise five or six times during the night. I was weighed down with languor and loss of energy and when I came home at night I would be so nervous that I could hardly read my papers. Seeing how highly Doan's Kidney Pills were recommended I procured a box at Philbrick's Pharmacy and began using them. They seemed to act right on the kidneys at once, corrected the urinary difficulties and back aches, and before I had taken two boxes I could sit comfortably and read my paper without nervousness and my health was much improved. Though it was in 1897 that I had my experience with Doan's Kidney Pills, I am still confident that a better kidney remedy does not exist."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

**HOTEL EMPIRE**

Broadway and 63d Street.

Empire Square

**NEW YORK CITY**

For less money than it costs to stop at other hotels.

We offer you:

Splendid Rooms

Excellent Cuisine

Efficient Service

Central Location

ALL IMPROVEMENTS

Automatic Lighting Devices, Electric

Clock and Telephone in every room.

**\$250,000** has just been spent in

REMODELING

REDECORATING

**HOTEL EMPIRE**

W. Johnson Quinn, Prop.

Send for guide of New York—free

**The Product Of The**

**7-20-4**

10c. Cigar Factory

is now larger than that of any individual manufacturer in New England. The name R. G. Sullivan stamped on every cigar insures quality

**B. G. SULLIVAN, Mfr.,**  
Manchester, N. H.

**COAL AND WOOD**

**J. E. WALKER & CO.,**  
Commission Merchants

What we sell and Retail Dealers in

**Coal and Wood**

On the Cor. State and Water Sts.

## LOVED AND LOST

A November storm of wind and rain was raging furiously, twisting the bare, gaunt branches of the trees in Thornton Park, and hurling those which stood near it against the sides of the great stone house, as it wreaked a mad spite upon it and all within. The rain that fell in sheets, and that came driving on the plate glass windows in great angry gusts, was plainly audible within the brilliantly lighted room where Roland Westerton was sitting, for all the double barriers of inside, tight-closed shutters, and heavy, sweeping curtains of rich damask, that depended from the velvet carpet on the floor, of warm, glowing crimson, that merged into pink and creamy-yellow hues.

It was a noble apartment, long, well proportioned with mirrors set in the walls—with rare and magnificent furniture, from which the "new" look was so completely worn off that everything suggested a delightfully used and cosily comfortable decoration.

Before the fire, in a low, deep chair, with his hands clasped at the back of his head, and his feet stretched out to the genial warmth, Roland Westerton was sitting, hearing the sobbing shriek of the storm that was powerless to hurt him physically, but every drop of which seemed falling like paralyzing ice-drops on his heart—every wall of which was a personal voice that reminded him of a night similar to this twenty years ago, when hope, and faith, and joy had fled from his heart at Beryl Dean's bidding.

A vision of a face came before him pure as a blossom, fair as a lily petal, sweet as a rose, modest and unassuming as a violet.

He remembered it so distinctly, even after twenty years, when he was a gray-haired man of fifty—gray-haired man as much from the trouble and pangs of memory of all those years as from the course of nature.

He remembered, with a pain that thrilled his heart over all the distance of gloomy, lonely years—he had been so sturdily loyal to the one love of his life; years during which no woman had been able to tempt him into sharing his wealth or heart with them; years when he had learned that in this world there was never more the happiness for him that fell to other men.

If she had only died, Mr. Westerton knew he would have had a submissive satisfaction, compared to which the suffering he had undergone would have been almost happy contentment. But to know she had lived and played him so cruelly false; to know that she had not died, but was more than dead to him—it had been an awful trouble to him, and the traces of it were on his grave, fine face tonight as he sat immersed in the past, as a dreary rain and wind tempest always had power to immerse him, just as the odor of a flower, or the chords of a song will recall painful memories.

It had been just such a night as this when his brother Herbert had come to him, amid the gaiety and brilliancy, and music and dancing at Mrs. Grant's reception, and linking his arm through Roland's led him off to the deserted silence of the library, and then confronted him pale with pity.

"Roland, you may not forgive me for bringing you here to almost break your heart, but it is my duty. Roland, have I not time and again warned you that Miss Dean was only consenting to marry you because you are rich?"

Roland looked at him in unfeigned impatience.

"And what if you have? I am sure Beryl loves me, and that is sufficient."

"It would be sufficient if it were true, and I have brought you here to tell you the time has come when I can prove, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that Miss Dean has another lover. I saw her in his arms not five minutes ago!"

Roland was on his feet in a second, a whirling fury and jealousy on his white face.

"You did? Who was he? Where are they? On Heaven, Herbert, if you are lying to me!"

Herbert's lips curled.

"I can see no advantage to be derived by such a course. If you wish, I will take you to the conservatory, and you can see for yourself."

They went silently, like a fox creeping on his victim, and in the tender gloom of the quiet, warmly-fragrant place, Roland Westerton had seen Beryl Dean's beautiful, reserved darling, whose reticent reserve had enchanted him, his own betrothed wife—with her arm about the neck of her companion, and her lovely, eager eyes looking up in his.

He was a tall, handsome fellow Roland saw that at the first bewildered glance, and he would have sprung at him, and throttled him before her eyes, had not Herbert gently restrained him.

"Don't be rash! Listen and hear what she says to him."

And he had listened, stooping behind the luxuriant shrubbery, to Beryl's low, loving voice.

"It almost kills me to think it will be so long before I see you again, dear. Must you go?"

The young man was crossing a tiny curl that lay on Beryl's fair forehead.

"I dare not stay where you are, Beryl. It is the shrewdest madness. What if your husband should suspect?"

She silenced him by a soft hand laid on his lips.

"Fush, dearest! I will never know you may be sure. I love you too well to betray you. You believe that,

don't you, dear?"

Then he stooped and kissed her.

"My darling, I believe everything you say! Let us walk further on. I imagined I heard some one coming. One little quarter of an hour, and then I must go with me! Oh, Beryl!"

And as his entreating voice died away in the distance, Roland straightened his tall figure in a rigidity of furious wrath.

"She is false! Herbert, I thank you."

And after that night Beryl Dean's name had never passed his lips. When a note came from her that expressed her wonder at his prolonged absence from her, he returned it without opening it. When an indignant remonstrance followed, it suffered a like fate, and so it ended.

Months, after, Beryl Dean left the city, and now, twenty years after, no word or news had come from her directly, while Roland lived his lonely, careless life, in the midst of his wealth, not even the memory of a beautiful past to think upon, with only the taste of such bitter Dead Sea fruit upon his lips as was there this stormy November night.

Breaking in upon the reverie of pain that was unusually acute tonight, there came a sharp, imperious summons at the front entrance of the mansion, a loud series of jerks on the silver gong, that thrilled out above the noise of the storm, that penetrated with unpleasantly startling distinctness to the room where Mr. Westerton sat.

He listened to the prompt response of the servant, wondering with an enigma of interest that surprised himself who or what could want him or his at such a time of night, in such a fearful tempest.

He did not know that the path Fate had been making for him all those weary years was at last ready for him to tread, or that the imperative peal of his door-bell was the signal that the grim, unseen woman on the threshold was hurrying on her work to the inevitable end, whose beginning dated years and years ago.

He did not know how plainly the finger of Destiny was pointing to the appointed way, when a servant handed him a clumsily-folded hastily penciled note, written evidently in an extremity of pain and determination.

He saw that much at a glance at the tremulous chirography—tremulous, and yet indicating, in its sharp, up-and-down strokes, a dogged stubbornness to say what was said, if the penalty of the exertion were severely paid when the name was scrawlingly subscribed; and the name subscribed was Herbert Westerton, with a long, straggling mark that looked as if the pencil and hand had fallen and dragged across the paper in sheer prostration when the effort was completed.

Mr. Westerton's brows contracted, then his mouth compressed still more than his usual stern expression, as he saw the signature for the first time in years and years—for the first time since his brother had gone from home so long, long ago.

And now the message from him was—

"Roland, I am dying. Come to see me at once, as you value your own peace of mind in your last extremity. For Heaven's sake, come and let me confess and be forgiven."

Was it a wonder that the angry parting of nearly a score of years ago was forgotten in that solemn adjuration? Was it any wonder that within two minutes the Westerton carriage was dashing along, with Roland Westerton and the messenger inside in the dense darkness of the tempestuous night?

The summons had been sent none too soon. Herbert Westerton was dying, and Roland knew it the instant he saw the glittering, supernatural eyes, in which the death-lustre shone so awful in contrast with the cadaverous, ghastly face, the tense, blue mouth, from which the unnaturally strong voice came shrilly.

"I am glad you lost no time, Roland, old boy. You see there is no time to lose. Don't tell me not to talk. I can only hasten the end by a little, and when I've told you the secret I dare not carry into eternity with the rest of my sins, I don't care how soon it comes."

Roland had taken the icy cold hand that lay waxen and pallid in the counterpane. He had opened his lips to say something, but Herbert had anticipated him. Now he answered, quietly—

"I do not fancy that there can be anything so difficult on your conscience against me as need make you feel as you evidently do. Suppose I grant you forgiveness you ask, and we will let the matter rest?"

"No, no! You shall know it was I who ruined your life, blighted your happiness, and separated you and Beryl. It was I, Roland. Before my Judge I swear it was no fault of Beryl's! I took you into the conservatory that night purposely that you might hear a conversation between Beryl Dean and her brother—a fugitive from justice, who had taken that occasion to see his pet sister. It was I who inflamed your jealousy purposely to separate you, because I loved her, too, Roland, and that is the only shadow of excuse I could find. I loved her, and she hated me, and you know the rest. Roland, I don't deserve it, but I am dying. Will you forgive me? Will you—will you?"

Roland sat there motionless and pale as a statue, his eyes blazing in a perfect storm of fury and woe; and he looked straight in the humble face of the man who had so wofully wronged him—the man who was already more a possession of the Angel of

Death than of Life.

"Herbert, I forgive you. It is hard—hard to do when I think of myself. When I think of her it is harder still. My Heaven! it was an awful thing to do, Herbert. But—I forgive you!"

He laid his hand on the cold one, so weak, helpless, but the fingers closed spasmodically over it.

"Heaven reward you for it! But there's worse yet—worse yet—a letter! It came from her to my old address—a week ago—and I would not—send it to you—as she prayed. Roland, Roland—trunk—forgive—"

And Herbert Westerton was forever past shining or forgiveness!

Roland stood like a man in a dream—dazed, stunned into momentary bewilderment. The dead face of his brother before him; the terrible revelation he had heard, and, more startling than either, the fact that Beryl Dean had sent a message to him through his brother, that brother had—

Roland had to crush down the thoughts and feelings that threatened to madden him.

The trunk stood open, and the letter was undoubtedly in it—the letter that would seem like a message from another world almost, so long had he and Beryl been parted; and his heart seemed almost stopping in its beats as he plunged among the papers to find an envelope directed to his brother in the old well-known hand, that so many years ago thrilled his very soul.

It was the briefest message, in Beryl's own hand, bidding Herbert tell him—Roland—to come to her once more before she died of the sudden illness that might any hour terminate her life—to come for the memory's sake of olden days. If she died, it would do no harm; if she recovered, they could go their ways again. But to come once—only once.

Roland Westerton was almost beside himself as he read it. Beryl, his own, begging him to come, and he—under man called to his account—had suppressed the summons, and now—Heaven knows!—it might be too late!

He riveted the directions on his whirling brain with one reading; he gave a direction or so to the servant of the hotel, regarding his brother's remains, and then frantically to the station, where he merely caught the last train that night, that landed him in the bright sunshine of the next morning in the city where the love of early days awaited him.

There were wild prayers on his lips and vague hopes in his heart, and sharp, sudden glimpses of joy, as he was driven to the address of the letter; and then, when he gave a ring of the bell at the door, it seemed as if it was a summons that decided some terrible thing.

An elderly lady answered the door, to whom he put his question so abruptly that she looked at him in distastefulness.

"I wish to see Miss Dean at once, if you please," he said.

She turned to a sweet-faced young girl who passed through the hall at that moment.

"The gentleman wishes to see Miss Beryl, Miss Grace. Shall I show him in?"

"Certainly, Judith."

And then Roland Westerton followed the lead of the quiet-voiced, placid-faced woman until he stood beside an open coffin, from which Beryl Dean's white, wan, aged face looked up, with the peace that passeth human understanding.

He said nothing. He stood there, floods of thought surging over him, memories playing havoc with his bruised, hurt heart—bursts of hot, fierce anger rising against the other dead.

Then the woman's sympathetic voice spoke—

"It was quite sudden, sir—as much trouble as sickness that killed her, I think. And at the last—two or three days before the last—she seemed better and brighter, and the doctor said possibly, if she ceased worrying, and the hopes she entertained were verified, she might recover. She sent a letter off and the last words she spoke were, 'Why didn't he come?' Oh, sir—"

She looked up and caught a glance at his face, and the sight paralyzed her, so set and expressionless and marbled it was—all but the eyes, the pitiful, agonized eyes, whose woe never after left them, after that long, long look on the face of the woman who had been true as steel through all.

And no took up the old life again, only it was more lonely, more forlorn, and yet brightened by a hope that where there is no marriage, neither giving in marriage, Beryl was waiting for him—Waverly Magazine.

**THE FOURTH HAND.**  
BY OSCAR PARKER.

We dined at my rooms that night, a trio instead of the usual quartet. Templeton had not turned up, but he had sent no excuse and might arrive at any moment. We wondered at his absence, as he had been so lately behind his back, grew irritated, still waited, but finally gave him up. His unexplained apostasy threatened ruin to our usual Thursday night whist.

"Shall it be dummy or nothing?" asked Merton in the tones of a man with a grievance.

"Or can you find a fourth hand?" Fielding put to me.

"Better try an incantation," said he. "It has a respectable antiquity and is quite reliable."

"But risky," I suggested. "We might raise the devil himself by your incantation."

"I don't know," said Fielding. "That he might be objectionable if he knew whist."

At that a sudden inspiration captured me. I suppose all of us are prone to be seized in that way by an impulse to do mad or eccentric things. "What do you say," said I, "to my going out and inviting the first stranger who has the look of a gentleman to join us?"

Such was the preamble to the most dramatic event in my experience. Preparing for the storm, I went out on what would have seemed to others a fool's errand, and to me presently began to have a preposterous air. I was resolute, nevertheless, to carry it through—to persevere in spite of disappointments, rebuffs, or even the ridicule that I might naturally expect. Conceivably my relief, then, at an instantaneous success. As I descended the steps to the pavement a man's figure moved from the shadow of a tree before the house. For a moment he seemed a part of the shifting shade cast by the wildly tossing branches. Then he took shape definitely and I spoke to him.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said I, "but I am in a quandary, and perhaps you can relieve me. But first—don't be surprised at the question—do you play whist?"

He came into the light at that, and I saw his face—a youthful face, but grave, with an air of brooding melancholy in the dark eyes and a certain pathetic droop of the lips. He had the look of a gentleman, and I felt that my blunt question demanded full elucidation. "I beg your pardon again," I continued, "but the position is this—and as I explained he listened silently, with that same grave, questioning expression.

When he spoke his face surprised me as much as his voice had done—a clear, limpid, vibrant voice, more youthful in pitch than seemed to consort with his years; a cultivated and refined voice, with just a suspicion of strain in the tones, as though not under perfect control and indicating some mental stress.

"I might do much worse," he said. "My time is my own, and whatever poor skill I have is at your service."

The accent puzzled me. Then and later his English was idiomatically perfect, but the accent was not English, nor did it give any clue to his nationality. Absurd as it will seem, my imagination was so far under the spell of Fielding's sinister suggestion of this man's appearance, as if in answer to my quest, set me wondering whether Satan, if he took human shape, would not speak all languages equally well, but with an intonation that belonged to none of them. As I invited my new acquaintance to follow me and turned my back upon him to lead the way, a cold wave passed from neck to heel. It was the dense gloom of the night and the wild fury of the storm. I assured myself, that had affected my nerves, but still I wondered who this chance guest might be. What folly, I reflected. We would learn his name in a few minutes.

He wore a long cloak and soft slouched hat, and both were very wet. He was in evening dress, and, as my servant took from him his outer garments, I noted the slim youthfulness of his figure. Then I ushered him into the room where my friends were waiting.

"Gentlemen," I cried, conscious of a singular feeling of excitement. "I have succeeded, as you see. This, sir, is Mr. Fielding and this Mr. Merton. And now may I introduce you?"

"As the Fourth Hand," was his answer.

"Good," said I, but sadly disappointed. "It is apt, and you are within your rights. I present to you the Fourth Hand, gentlemen. My own name, sir, is Browne. Browne with an e—the Suffolk Browne."

After the first rubber, there was no reluctance on the part of any of us to accept his partnership. He had, as the phrase goes, the devil's own luck certainly, but also he played with an aplomb, a dash, a consummate skill that were irresistible. We won the rubber, I forget how much, and at the conclusion tongues broke loose.

"Never," said Merton, "have I played a more illuminating game. What do you say, Fielding?"

"You must have played a great deal, Fourth Hand, for so young a man. Your insight is extraordinary. I felt a bit uncanny. I confess, as though by cards turned transparent in my hands."

Our Fourth Hand had the good taste not to demur to this tribute. "To have failed in the serious business in life," said he in those clear, tense tones, that seemed to give distinctness to the simplest sentence, "leaves one the more zealous to play. Cards are my

only distraction."

"I should have said that the serious business of life could have hardly begun with you," Fielding ventured, "and that success or failure was still a long way ahead."

Then Merton took up the probe in a lighter vein. "While most men of your age," he said, "find their chief distraction in the most serious game a man can play—the game of love, 'A fool's game,' was the rejoinder, 'for the more earnest the player the more completely he exposes his cards.'"

As he uttered these words our guests' face suddenly paled and I pressed a glass of wine upon him, at the same time turning the talk into a less personal channel by asking Merton if, in pursuit of his special hobby, he had made any recent discoveries in human idiosyncrasies.

"Ah," he responded, "I am after one, but I have not actually pinned him yet for leucis study."

"Who is it now?" I asked.

He paused as though to give emphasis to his announcement. "I am told that the Prince of Faleria is in London."

"What?" exclaimed Fielding. "That most eccentric sovereign who deposes himself every twelve months or so? Are you on his track?"

"I shall run him to earth in a day or two," was Merton's confident answer.

"And then what?" But without waiting a response, Fielding jumped to his feet, saying, "Excuse me a minute, but our Fourth Hand seems to be really ill. Allow me," and he stepped toward our guest who sat swaying in his chair, his face the ashen hue of a man on the point of complete collapse.

He sprang erect, the blood came flooding his cheeks in a torrent, his eyes blazed with sudden wrath. "Do not touch me, sir, at your peril," he cried, with an almost regal gesture of repulsion.

Fielding sat down at the table and began idly shuffling a pack of cards, while Merton poured for himself a glass of whiskey and soda and then set it down untasted. The Fourth Hand stepped over to the open window where he stood gazing silently out on this Walpurgis night of tempest.

Fielding broke the strained silence by a return to the subject of the Falerian ruler, asking Merton if he had ever seen the Prince. No, Merton had not.

"He is very young, isn't he?"

"Hardly more than a boy, but he is said to be very mature for his years."

"And what do you mean to do when you have caught him?"

"Diagnose him," Merton replied; "study him, get at the root cause of his malady."

"He is said to have a most inveterate antipathy for women," Merton explained.

"Of course, therefore the women are all in love with him. One lady especially, according to authentic gossip, a lady of high position in Faleria, pertinaciously pursues him, usually disguised in all his wanderings. As the story goes, it is to escape her persecution that he so frequently leaves his dominions or varies the remedy by occasional abdications. His vagaries appear to be understood by his people; they appoint a regency till he turns up again. Government on opera bouffe lines, isn't it?"

"I should say," was Fielding's comment, "that the less so inept a ruler ruled the better for his country."

At those words our fourth hand wheeled from the window and faced us. I thought his drawn features and flaming eyes threatened another explosion, and to forestall it I sought to draw him into our talk.

"You impress me, Fourth Hand," said I, "as a man who has traveled widely. Perhaps you have been in Faleria?"

"Many times," was his answer.

"You know the Prince?"

"As I know myself."

This most unexpected reply startled us all and filled Merton with the ardor of the huntsman at the view of his prey. "Oh, this is amazingly interesting!" he cried. "A most fortunate encounter, Browne. What a strange coincidence that your whimsical search for a fourth hand should have had this result!"

But I failed to rise to his pitch of enthusiasm. With me, at least, a vague sense of something sinister in the environment prevailed; but I, of course, lacked Merton's engrossment in the idiosyncrasies of the Falerian sovereign. He pressed our guest for some enlightenment. There was no symptom of heat or even annoyance in his voice when he answered with stiff dignity, "You will, I am sure, pardon me, sir, if I say that the Prince of Faleria would resent this discussion of his movements."

"You plague my curiosity immensely," responded Merton. "I fail to see how our private conversation can be a matter of offence to His Highness, unless—but no, that is impossible. However, you are in a sense our guest, and your scruples must be deferred to."

"Since you are so bent upon it, Merton," broke in Fielding, somewhat petulantly, as though he resented all this mystery, "why not look for the persecuting lady? By following her you should find the quarry."

"Ah, she may have abandoned the chase. Rumor has it that she has squandered her fortune in this fantastic pursuit."

"Well, in that case her loss will be the Prince's gain, apparently. But what fatuous conduct! Ah, well; love is always more or less a madness. What think you, Fourth Hand? I suppose you are not deterred by any scruples from discussing the woman in the case?"

"By none, except that she is a wo-

man, Mr. Fielding, and so entitled to chivalry in mind. You say that love is madness. I think you are right, but you do not laugh at madness, you grieve for it."

There was rebuke in this, but did we altogether deserve it, or was our guest's pose a little too fastidious? I recalled Merton's supposed train of thought a few moments earlier. We should have deserved these rebukes if our fourth hand had been the Prince himself, or one of his entourage, but that seemed a ridiculous supposition.

However, it was a singular fact that every moment this man had been among us had deepened the mystery of his personality and our curiosity, or mine certainly, as to who and what he might be. We had seen him have that solved.

I proposed a return to the cards, and for an hour or more the card topic was dropped from our conversation until just as we were about to retire, I happened to ask Merton if he had seen the Prince of Faleria at a new book, "The Flunkey in Faleria."

He had not. The paper lay near him and he took it up. He was skimming through its pages—"Indeed! Here's your Prince of Faleria again, and caught at last. Listen—"

"The Prince of Faleria has taken holy orders in the Catholic Church. It is said by those who know the affairs of His Highness—that he has been driven to this step by the relentless persecutions of a titheless lady of his dominions, who, determined to marry him, has made his life a burden by her pursuit; but the Church has mated in one move."

"Ah," said Merton, "that makes him commonplace; I give him up."

"And your choice appears to be the lady's necessity," added Fielding, fixing up his glasses as he spoke. "We will drink to her happier fortune."

I glanced at our fourth hand. For the first time that evening a smile touched his lips and into his eyes flashed a radiant look of content. As we waited for him to join us in the toast he took from a waistcoat pocket a small phial, and saying calmly, "A sleeping draught gentlemen, poured its contents into his glass and drank it off quickly. The next moment he slipped to the floor inert.

"Quick, Fielding," I cried; "he has fainted."

"I am afraid it is worse than that," said he. "Pick up that phial while I open his collar and shirt. Stand it upright—don't let it be touched."

"Do you think it was poison?"

"Yes—throw that window wide open! Good God! Browne—Merton—it's a woman! Quite dead!"

"What an awful tragedy! Is there anything to identify her?"

"There's a locket here, hanging by a chain around her neck. Whose portrait is this inside it? It is signed on the back 'Eugene P.'"

There was a tremor in Merton's voice as he answered—"The Prince of Faleria."—New York Herald.

**Preparing Postage Stamps.**

When you lick a postage stamp you do not have the slightest thought to the great care taken by the United States Bureau of Engraving and Printing in the gumming of the little piece of paper.

But the process is, all the same, a most interesting and delicate one, requiring precaution in securing a uniform coating of the best adhesive gum to be had. The process is as much an exact science as the building of the great naval guns at the Washington or Brooklyn navy yards.

So exacting is the postoffice department in requiring a uniform coating that after the gumming is over the stamps are tested to discover if the coating of the mucilage varies seven ten-thousandths of a pound to a sheet, which measures 13½x2½ inches, each containing 400 stamps. The sheets go to the gumming room after printing and the gumming concludes one of the principal processes necessary before delivery to the postoffice department.

When you lick a postage stamp you need not fear that the gum is something unclean. Postal gum is the best quality on the face of the earth. It is derived from dextrine, produced in the process of making starch from potatoes. The starch from these vegetables is treated by roasting at a temperature of about 300 degrees at the first stage, causing it to turn into dextrine. Further changes makes postal gum, and if the changes were carried to the limit the result would be grape sugar or glucose. The best postal gum is that which contains the least unconverted starch and little glucose. When the material for making gum reaches the Bureau of Engraving and Printing it looks much like flour except in color. It comes in sacks of 200 pounds each and every consignment from the contractor is carefully inspected before using. It is subjected to microscopic examination and to chemical analysis, and all this is followed by a practical test.—Kansas City Star.

**Items of Interest.**

Cancer is the Latin word for crab. One inch of rainfall means 100 tons of water upon each acre.

Budapest has put an electric washing machine on the market.

The manufacture of genuine French brandy has almost ceased.

France has forbidden the use of abstinence in the army and navy.

Mistletoe is a parasite which feeds upon the trees upon which it grows.

Emanuel oilcloth made to resemble morocco leather is now used extensively.

Coral is very expensive; the finest sorts are worth from \$400 to \$600 per ounce.



# BOSTON & MAINE R. R.

## WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.

In Effect Oct. 9, 1905.

### EASTERN DIVISION.

#### Trains Leave Portsmouth

For Boston—3.25, 7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 2.21, 5.00, 7.28 p. m. Sunday 5.25, 8.00 a. m., 2.21, 5.00 p. m.  
For Portland—9.55, 10.45 a. m., 2.55, 5.22, 8.45, 11.35 p. m. Sunday 10.05, 10.45 a. m., 8.45, 11.35 p. m.  
For Wells Beach—9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m. Sunday 10.05 a. m.  
For Old Orchard and Portland—9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m. Sunday 10.05 a. m.  
For North Conway—9.55 a. m., 2.55 p. m.  
For Somersworth—4.50, 9.45, 9.55 a. m., 2.40, 2.55, 5.22, 5.30 p. m.  
For Rockport—9.45, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22, 5.30 p. m.  
For Dover—4.50, 9.45, 12.15 a. m., 2.50, 5.22, 8.47 p. m. Sunday 10.05, 10.48 a. m., 8.47 p. m.  
For North Hampton and Hampton—7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sunday, 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.  
For Greenland—7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sunday 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

#### Trains For Portsmouth

Leave Boston—7.30, 9.00, 10.10 a. m., 1.00, 3.30, 4.45, 7.00, 10.00 p. m. Sunday 4.00, 8.20, 9.00 a. m., 6.30, 7.00, 10.00 p. m.  
Leave Portland—1.50, 9.00 a. m., 12.45, 6.00 p. m. Sunday 1.30 a. m., 12.45, 5.40 p. m.  
Leave Old Orchard—9.09 a. m., 12.45, 5.54, 6.32 p. m. Sunday 6.00 p. m.  
Leave North Conway—7.38 a. m., 4.07 p. m.  
Leave Rockport—7.20, 9.47 a. m., 3.52, 6.11 p. m.  
Leave Somersworth—6.35, 7.33, 10.00 a. m., 4.05, 6.24 p. m.  
Leave Dover—6.50, 10.25 a. m., 1.40, 4.30, 6.30, 9.20 p. m. Sunday 7.30 a. m., 9.20 p. m.  
Leave Hampton—9.22, 11.50 a. m., 2.24, 4.59, 6.16 p. m. Sunday 6.10, 10.06 a. m., 7.59 p. m.  
Leave North Hampton—9.23, 11.55 a. m., 2.20, 5.05, 6.21 p. m. Sunday, 6.15, 10.12 a. m., 8.05 p. m.  
Leave Greenland—9.35 a. m., 12.01, 2.36, 5.11, 6.27 p. m. Sunday, 6.20, 10.18 a. m., 8.10 p. m.

### SOUTHERN DIVISION.

#### Portsmouth Branch.

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:  
Portsmouth—8.30 a. m., 12.40, 5.25 p. m.  
Greenland Village—8.30 a. m., 12.48, 6.33 p. m.  
Rockingham Junction—9.05 a. m., 1.02, 5.58 p. m.  
Epping—9.20 a. m., 1.16, 6.14 p. m.  
Raymond—9.30 a. m., 1.27, 6.25 p. m.  
Returning leave  
Concord—7.45, 10.25 a. m., 3.30 p. m.  
Manchester—8.32, 11.10 a. m., 4.20 p. m.  
Raymond—9.03, 11.48 a. m., 5.02 p. m.  
Epping—9.20 a. m., 12.00 m., 5.15 p. m.  
Rockingham Junction—9.47 a. m., 12.16, 5.55 p. m.  
Greenland Village—10.01 a. m., 12.29, 6.08 p. m.  
Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.  
\*Via Dover and Western Division.  
Information Given, Through Tickets Sold and Baggage Checked to All Points at the Station.  
J. E. SHAW, Ticket Agent.  
J. J. Flanders & P. and T. A.

# Portsmouth Electric Railway.

Time-Table in Effect Daily, Commencing Sept. 11, 1905.

## Main Line.

Leave Market Square for Rye Beach and Little Bear's Head at 7.05 a. m., and hourly until 7.05 p. m.  
For Cable Road only at 7.50 a. m., 7.55 a. m., and 10.05 p. m.  
For Little Bear's Head only at 8.05 p. m. and 9.05 p. m. The 10.05 a. m., 1.05 p. m., 4.05, 5.05, 7.05, 8.05 and 9.05 p. m. cars make close connection for North Hampton. On Theatre Nights 10.05 p. m. car waits until close of performance.  
Returning—Leave Junction with E. H. & A. St. Ry. at 8.05 a. m. and hourly until 8.05 p. m.  
Leave Cable Road at 7.10 a. m., 7.30 a. m., and 10.40 p. m. Leave Little Bear's Head 9.10 p. m. and 10.10 p. m. Leave Sagamore Hill, Sundays only, for Market Sq. at 10.23 a. m.

## Plains Loop.

Up Middle Street and up Islington street—Leave Market Square at 6.35 a. m., 7.05 a. m., and half hourly until 10.05 p. m., and a 10.35 and 11.05 p. m. Up Middle street only at 10.35 p. m. Sunday.  
Last cars each night run to car bar only.  
Running time to Plains, 13 minutes.  
Christian Shore Loop.  
Up Islington Street and Down Market Street—Leave Market Square at 6.35 a. m., 7.05 a. m., and half hourly until 10.05 p. m., and a 10.35 and 11.05 p. m.  
Running time from Market Square to B. & M. Station is, up Islington street, 16 minutes; and down Market street, 4 minutes.  
Last cars at night run to car bar only.  
North Hampton Line—Week Days.  
Leave North Hampton Station for Little Bear's Head, Rye Beach and Cable Road at 7.30 a. m., 8.30, 9.30, 11.00, 11.55 a. m., 2.20 p. m., 5.05 and 6.25 p. m. Connecting with 6.28 a. m., 10.58, 11.5 a. m., 2.20 p. m., 5.05 and 6.21 p. m. trains from Boston.  
Returning—Leave Portsmouth at 6 a. m.  
Leave Cable Road 7.00 a. m., 8.00, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a. m., 12.30 p. m., 3.00, 5.45, 7.05 p. m. Connecting with 7.41 a. m., 8.30, 11.19 a. m. and 2.35 p. m. trains for Boston.  
Leave North Hampton Station for Little Bear's Head only 11.00 p. m., 12.00, 4.30, 7.35, 10.02, 11.02 p. m.  
Returning—Leave Little Bear's Head at 1.55 p. m., 4.15, 4.45, 7.50, 8.50 and 9.50 p. m.

## Sundays.

Leave North Hampton Station for Little Bear's Head only 9.00 a. m. and hourly until 10.00 p. m.  
Returning—Leave Little Bear's Head at 8.45 a. m. and hourly until 9.45 p. m.  
All trips on Sundays connect with Main Line cars at Little Bear's Head.  
\*Omitted Sundays.  
\*\*Omitted Sundays and Holidays.  
\*Make close connections for Portsmouth.  
[Saturdays only.  
D. J. FLANDERS,  
Gen'l Pass' and Ticket Agent  
WINSTON T. PERKINS,  
Superintendent.

## U. S. Navy Yard Ferry

### TIME TABLE.

October 1 Until March 31.

Leaves Navy Yard—8.20, 8.40, 9.15, 10.00, 10.30, 11.15, 11.45 a. m., 1.35, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.35, 5.00, 5.50, 7.45 p. m. Sundays, 10.00, 10.15 a. m.; 12.15, 12.35 p. m. Holidays, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m.  
Leaves Portsmouth—8.30, 8.50, 9.30, 10.15, 11.00, 11.30 a. m.; 12.15, 1.45, 2.30, 3.30, 4.23, 4.45, 5.30, 6.00, 10.00 p. m. Sundays, 10.07 a. m.; 12.05, 12.25, 12.45 p. m. Holidays, 10.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.00 p. m.  
\*Wednesdays and Saturdays.  
PERRY GARST,  
Captain, U. S. N. Captain of the Yard  
Approved: W. W. MEAD,  
Captain, U. S. N., Commandant.

# TIME TABLE

Portsmouth, Dover & York St. Ry.

In Effect Sept. 18, 1905.

## Ferry leaves Portsmouth, connecting with cars:

For Elliot, Dover and South Berwick—6.55 a. m. and hourly until 9.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.  
For Kittery and Kittery Point—6.25, 6.55 a. m. and half hourly until 10.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.  
For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via P. K. & Y. Div.—6.55 a. m., and every two hours until 4.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.55 a. m.  
For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via Elliot and Rosemary—7.55 a. m., and every two hours until 9.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.  
Cars leave Dover:  
For York Beach—8.05 a. m. and every two hours until 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.  
For Portsmouth Elliot and Kittery—6.05 a. m. and hourly until 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.  
For Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—6.20 a. m. and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.  
Leave Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick:  
For Dover and Portsmouth—6.00 a. m. and hourly until 10.00 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.  
For York—8.00 a. m. and every two hours until 10.00 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.  
Leave York Beach:  
For Dover and Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—7.30, 9.30 a. m. and every two hours until 9.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 9.30 a. m.  
For Portsmouth, via P. K. & Y. Div.—5.45, 6.30, 8.30 a. m. and every two hours until 4.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.  
For Portsmouth, via Rosemary and Elliot—7.30, 9.30 a. m. and every two hours until 9.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 9.30 a. m.  
Leave Rosemary Cottage:  
For Portsmouth and Kittery—6.00, 6.30, 7.30 a. m. and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

## Close connections can be made between Dover and York Beach via Elliot, Kittery and Kittery Point.

W. G. MELOON, Gen. Mgr.

Tel. Call—41-2, Portsmouth.

## Daily Arrivals

OF

# COAL

ENSURE THE BEST RESULTS.

HAVE THE LARGEST SUPPLY OF THE BEST.

Arthur W. Walker,

137 Market St.

## BUY THE BEST

### Lime and Cement

500 Barrels Atlas Portland Cement

500 " Rosendale

500 Best Quality Extra Wood

Burnt Lump Lime, For Sale By

JOHN H. BROUGHTON,

68 DANIEL ST.

## Cemetery Lots

Card For and Turfing Done.

With increased facilities, the subscriber is again prepared to take charge of and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be entrusted to his care. He will also give careful attention to the building and repairing of monuments and the removal of bodies. In addition to work at the cemetery he will do turfing and grading in the city.

Cemetery lots for sale, also team and turf. Orders for lot and residence, corner of Richards Avenue and South Street, or by mail, or with Oliver W. Ham, 10 Street St., with complete price list.

M. J. GRIFFIN

# MEMORIES OF LAST NIGHT.

Across the gray of last night's skies  
The stars like white, radiant things,  
And, sweetest, mirrored in your eyes  
The halo of their glory hung.  
While far and wide the moonlight hung  
And somewhere, in our world apart,  
A mackerel and ten music swung  
Last night, sweetest.  
The song below, the stars above,  
Sighed but to meet and melt into  
A silver symphony of love,  
That thrilled our listening senses  
Through the close within my arms, you knew  
The depth of each unspoken thought,  
While life for me had only you—  
Last night, sweetest.  
And, oh, can there be more than this  
Beyond the mystery of the skies?  
A heaven sweeter than your kiss?  
An Eden deeper than your eyes?  
I am not good, not great, not wise,  
And yet by some strange chance Fate  
I found the way to paradise—  
Last night, sweetest.  
—N. O. Times-Democrat.

# The Mule Driver of Rilo-Dagh & AN INCIDENT OF A BALKAN INSURRECTION

ALL through the gorge of the Barenta floated a delicious odor, the odor of thousands of roses borne by the warm winds from the gardens and distilleries of the Rilo-Dagh, a valley almost as famous for its roses as the vales of Kezanlik and Iran.  
In other years at the same season the steep, perfumed slopes of the Turkish Balkans were the scene of extraordinary animation. Along the numberless paths winding in every direction, came donkeys laden with baskets of flowers and looking as if adorned for a fête of roses. But to-day all the countryside was quiet and deserted.  
Ten thousand Turks occupied the Barenta from Rilo-Dagh as far as the Shilpa passes on the Bulgarian frontier, and this time it seemed as if they could not fail to capture the famous bandit chief Boris Schkol, who, with his Macedonian followers, had been completely surrounded and cut off in his mountain retreat.  
It could be only a question of hours at the most. And in order that not one of the band should escape in disguise the Turkish soldiers had orders to arrest all travelers, whoever they might be, and journey for whatever reason.  
A man must, indeed, care little for his life who would run the gamut of crossing the sentinels in ambush at each corner of the ravine. Nevertheless there was one traveler brave enough, for a mule driver had just appeared on the path which leads to the Galrov farm, situated half way up the mountainside.  
He was a peasant of simple, peaceful appearance, dressed in rags and with bare feet and with a rose stuck in the crown of his tattered hat.  
Thirty steps before him trotted a little silvery gray mule carrying two baskets full to overflowing of fading roses, and fastened to the saddle was an enormous flowering rose bush, whose scents floated caressingly.  
The driver, whose white hair was in striking contrast with his youthful, almost childish face, strode along with an easy step, glancing about indifferently at the desolate countryside. Once or twice at the sight of the charred ruins of what had formerly been a prosperous farm, a pile of smoking timbers from which arose the dreadful odor of burned flesh, the old man turned away his head and a dark shadow crossed his bright face.  
Still walking at a discreet distance from his donkey, the peasant had just reached the summit of a steep hill when a bullet whistled by his ear.  
"The mule has struck up for the dance," he murmured to himself, quite undisturbed. "The Turks are going to have a good time now!"  
But he trembled an instant and turned slightly pale as the rosebush which was fastened to the saddle stirred as if by a sudden wind. A shower of petals fell to the ground while a rose, evenly severed from its stem, was carried 20 feet.  
"The clumsy fools!" growled the driver, but his cheeks were white.  
A score of stinging pellets missed by him and the dust sprang up in little spurts about his feet.  
"I like that better," he remarked thoughtfully, again repeating his enigmatic phrase: "The clumsy fools! What an omelet it would make!"  
The Macedonian hastened to descend the hill on the other side. A few scattered shots passed above his head, and the echoes caught and repeated the report.  
The donkey halted, frightened. His long ears wavered back and forth and his delicate legs shook violently.  
The driver ran to him, embracing him and patting his sleek neck.  
"Come, come, Filberta, my little white lamb, be quiet; there is nothing to make you afraid now. The worst part is over. A little more, and we will be among friends, the soldiers of Lieut. Achmed. They are honest people."  
In fact after this the firing ceased, but the traveler was none the less observed and followed. From time to time a head with a red fez emerged from his hiding place, looked quickly and disappeared.  
The Dash-Dazouks knew the mule driver with the rose-decked hat for a poor devil, a growler of roses and something of a poet, an unmistakably oriental character with no other love but his flowers, which were the finest in Rilo-Dagh. Several of the Turkish officers, whose commissions he executed, had taken him under their protection.  
Presently a soldier halted the inoffensive traveler:

"Hullo, there, Filberta!"  
The gardener, whose name was doubtless the same as his donkey's, bowed about him.  
"Good day, Filberta, good morning, good day, good day."  
"Where are you taking your roses?"  
"To the camp at Shilpa. They are for the commandant there, the brave and handsome Capt. Murad-Bey, who will give me a nice Turkish gold piece for my pains."  
"Haven't you anything for me in your pack?"  
"Nothing, child of the prophet, red-headed soldier of the crescent; but perhaps it will be a different story when I return if the commandant be merciful to his slave."  
"May Allah inspire him, then!"  
The mule driver continued on his way. A kilometer distant he halted before the farm of Galrov, stopped by the sentinel at the gateway. As the two talked together the driver felt in one of his baskets and produced a small box, which he handed to the guard.  
"For the brave Lieut. Achmed," he said.  
Just then the officer himself came around the corner, wearing a long curved sword which dragged on the ground. He was a man of tall stature, with a heavy, cruel face, true type of a Turkish executioner.  
"Have you brought me the eggs?" he demanded, sharply.  
"Yes, my lieutenant," replied the Macedonian. "They were chosen especially for you, and each one is absolutely fresh. They were tested by lamplight particularly."  
"Good," interrupted the officer. "Do not forget that I detest chatterboxes." Then, continuing his questions, he added:  
"What in the name of the prophet have you tied a rose tree to your saddle for?"  
"The rose bush," said Filberta, assuming a mysterious air. "Is for your friend, Capt. Murad-Bey, from a lady—but you must not betray her!"  
Achmed smiled coarsely, revealing his sharp teeth.  
"And these?" he went on, striking the baskets with his heavy hand so that a few petals fluttered to the earth.  
"Those—those are for one of my friends, a poor distiller in the mountains. He is a faithful servant of the sultans, for whom may Allah be praised, and he is trying to prepare his essence now as in other years."  
"Did you see anything of the rebels on your way up?"  
"Not the least sign of one, my lieutenant. Since you and your soldiers came the bandits have run to cover like so many rabbits. But I struck quite a shower of bullets."  
"Who fired them?"  
"The Turks, of course. They were practicing, I imagine."  
The officer laughed.  
"Weren't you afraid?"  
"Bah! The length of our life is decreed before we are born! However, I did tremble once for you, or for your eggs, at least, and for my donkey also. It had only brought you a fine omelet, what would you have said?"  
"Nothing. But I would have had your ears cut off."  
"And you would have done well. Fortunately, the shooters were too far away."  
Achmed ceased his catechism.  
"It's just as well for you that they were. They wanted to make you afraid. Would you like me to send a guard with you?"  
"No, my lieutenant, though may Allah be praised for the great kindness of his servant; but I do much better to go alone. The Bulgarians have no powder to waste on sparrows or such poor devils as I am—while you have no message to send to the captain?"  
"Nothing, except to tell him that I offered you an escort and you refused—for you do refuse?"  
"Yes, it will be better."  
"Very well; go to the devil in your own way, then. There will only be one less fool in the world."  
The mule driver hastened to obey.  
Once out of sight of the camp he grasped the donkey's bridle and turned abruptly aside from the regular mule track to follow a cross path marked by little piles of stones carelessly thrown together by the side. Two hours later he reached the high crests of Shilpa, behind which the sun was sinking in a mist of rich purple haze.  
The peasant branched off along a trail already covered in darkness, when a man suddenly rose from the bushes beside him, a man with powder blackened hands, who demanded hoarsely:  
"Have you been successful, Filberta?"  
The mule driver straightened his shoulders with an air of intense satisfaction and pointed to the baskets of rose leaves.  
"There are the bombs, Boris Schkol!" he said.  
The night fell upon the mountains, bringing with it a furious storm. In the ravine the 300 men of Murad-Bey, worn out by 30 hours of vain and constant search, lay sleeping restfully, guarded by their sentinels when suddenly a loud firing broke the silence, followed by the sound of horses galloping madly.  
At the same moment a hailstorm of bombs burst throughout the encampments, reaping a fearful harvest of death and disorder.  
Then 50 men, 20 demons, whose hands cast thunderbolts, rushed like a whirlwind through the lines, destroying everything in their passage and gaining the road which led from the mountains to the plain below.  
Boris Schkol, the terrible Macedonian chief, was free once more! From the Bulgarian, in N. Y. Sun.

# EX-WARDMAN NUGENT

By OWEN KILDARE

Author of "My Name is Nugent," etc.

Copyright, 1905, by Joseph H. Bowler.

It was Thursday, trial day at head quarters, and the session in the deputy common pleas' room was waiting its start.  
The city hall had treated to a few disclosures in the police department and later by the prosecuting power, seemed to promise even graver revelations.  
The plaguespot first to be probed was the Twelfth precinct. Here the ruddy illumination of the illegal resorts had thrown a vicious glow over the entire district.  
That the rampage of vice could not have been as unrestrained as it was without the connivance of the police captain—the Old Man—went without saying; but to make surer of his conviction his adjutants and intermediaries were first brought within the toils.  
It was owing to this plan of procedure that John Nugent had found himself the defendant in the star trial of this Thursday. It had gone against him. The census of the police department was less by one, and the unfaded spot on his vest where his detective's badge had been fastened was the only outward reminder of Nugent's recent glory and authority.  
On his way home alone, Nugent was a prey to his thoughts.  
There had been no false hope about the outcome of the trial at headquarters. Even without the corroboration of his lawyer, Nugent had seen that nothing but dismissal from the force could have been his share. But neither he nor his counsel dreamed of further persecution.  
"Papa!"  
His little daughter was standing before him.  
"Irene, girlie! What are you doing here, so far from the house?"  
The blue-eyed little tot, oppressed by the importance of her errand, felt relieved at having this opportunity of unbosoming herself.  
"It's only three blocks from the house, and mamma said to run and give you this when nobody is looking."  
Nugent proceeded to read the communication brought by her.  
"John: The district attorney's men have been in the house and searched it. They questioned me until I did not know what to say. Now they are hanging round the neighborhood and waiting for you. Oh, why did you do it, John? From what I understand there is no escape for you. Even the captain was afraid to call at the house but sent the message I enclose. On this is fearful, John. I've been expecting it long ago."  
The inclosure from the captain was very brief:  
"Jig is up. Get away as quick as you can. There is no help for you whatever, and if you stay or get caught it would make it only worse for you and me. Toss this up and then burn it."  
Nugent set fire to the note and crushed the ashes with his foot. Then he lifted the little girl to his arms.  
"Now, Irene, here's a quarter for you. You run right home and tell your mother that it's all right and that—no, that's all, Irene. And now run home like a good little girl. And, say, Irene, you love your pop, don't you?"  
"Oh, how I love my big papa," and two plump arms squeezed the big, ungainly neck with tremendous might.  
He hurriedly walked toward Broadway, and, keeping a sharp lookout for former colleagues, crossed. His gait had almost become a run as he turned into quiet Watts street.  
Here, only a few yards from the West street, within the echo of the noise from piers and ferries, shaded by a solitary tree was a basement saloon. It was a placid brick building wrapped in tranquility—suspension, tranquility. No one in the neighborhood patronized it. Yet, there it was had been there for years, and seemed to be satisfied with its mysterious existence.  
Assuming himself by furtive glance that he had not been followed, Nugent descended the few steps to the saloon. It was not the first time he had been there. The two men who sat at one of the tables, and the bartender, knew him, but gave no sign of recognition. From the paper, which the bartender had been reading, his name in heavy type greeted the ex-wardman.  
Nugent quickly stepped to the table and addressed himself to one of the men.  
"Just the man I want, Charlie."  
"You got another guess coming, Nugent," was the cool rejoinder, while the front page of the evening paper was conspicuously displayed to him.  
"See that? We ain't living out in the woods. We know what's doing and that your 'wanting' days are over. Besides, there's nothing against me on the blotter just now."  
"I don't mean that," Nugent hastened to explain. "I just want to have a little talk with you—and you won't lose nothing by it."  
They retired to the rear part of the saloon and plunged into what seemed to be persuasion pitted against obstinacy. Charlie was evidently averse to the proposition made to him.  
Nugent flashed a fat roll of bills with wise intent.  
"Well, I tell you," said Charlie, duly impressed by the object lesson, "give me the money, so's that I can get a boat, and I'll tie it under the dock. And that's all I'm going to do. And, another thing, you got to stay under the dock until I give you the tip to get out. Is that understood?"  
Nugent handed over the money.  
The long dock at the foot of Watts street was on the side crowded with the city's refuse. Under an incandescent lantern on the refuse paper boxes were piled by hundreds, who were working for a contractor, who pays a considerable amount annually to the city for this privilege.  
In one corner of the cavern of refuse, Nugent was to await the return of Charlie. It was in the atmosphere of the place that he was deserted.  
Nugent again turned on his mind, and what he would have least expected should come to him and bridged the way to the land of darkness and escape.  
He looked at his watch. He had felt a touch. The return of the two glittering eyes before him was deemed the judgment of God.  
"You know me, meester policeman, don't you?"  
"No. Who are you and what do you want?"  
"Ah, you know who I am! I'm me, Pasquale Farsetti. Yes, a poor dago, a dirty dago. I tell you what I want, meester policeman. I want to bid you, meester policeman!"  
"What're you, man!" said Nugent. An evil leer formed the Italian's mouth.  
"Yes, meester. You make me crazy, you know. You no remember little stand, when you come every day, with uniform, and take fruit. You get a wife, gettin da store. The're you come every day. You say: 'Wh're's mine?' You take everything. You take, too, da mon. You come one day I go away. Only my wife, my Piametta, in da store. She no know you. She no give da mon. You kicka her and taka da little cross on her breast. And when she die in da hospital, I come to you, and I ask, please, give little cross. And you laugh, and you say: 'Dirty dago, go away.' Then, I go crazy, and I lose everyting, everyting. And now I picka da rags, and I say every day 'Vendetta,' and I pray I find you. And now I laugh, meester policeman, me, Pasquale Farsetti!"  
Nugent's very nerve was on the alert. A step, but the Italian also heard and took it for his cue for action. Without shout or shriek, he threw his body on his cowering enemy and the struggle began. As they grappled out to the open pier from the boarded partition, Nugent saw Charlie standing at the edge of the dock.  
"Charlie! Heaven's sake, don't be standing there like that," panted the ex-wardman. "Get the gun out of my pocket, and aim him on the head with somethin'!"  
"No!" he swore the young thief, without changing his position. "That ain't my game. I'm sorry I got mixed up in this at all. There's your boat, down there, and that's all I got to do with you. I'd better leave you two to yourselves. So long, and I hope the captain's in for a fine one." As the crowd turned toward the street a pistol shot rang out.  
Two policemen came hurrying up.  
"Here, what's this?" cried one, snatching Charlie.  
"Honest, don't linc a," answered the crowd, but the men nevertheless, compelled to go with the officers to the scene of the suspected tragedy.  
They found Pasquale Farsetti with a bullet in his back. Of the ex-wardman there was no trace.  
At the station house a little crowd of gaudy, in rags, Piametta Farsetti, was found by a Charlie. A bundle of letters in the Italian's pockets were addressed to the male Farsetti—and the blue-coated fists smiled a meaningful smile at Charlie.  
It did not take very long to speed Charlie, also, the routine of justice. A few weeks, an all in the game was gone.  
"It serves the right," soliloquized Charlie in a cell. "I just think the fella's got a fine idea of a cop! That Nugent! He know he's crooked, but he couldn't put in his coat with that cross wouldn't show on his watch chain. And him knowin' I'd sooner steal than eat!"  
The strike of the mallets in Canton-burg had brought vengeance, and destruction, his work. A sentry, however, who was taking a hasty glance at a newspaper only to find suddenly forgot his duty of guarding and read with avidity.  
"So they go, Charlie, for doing the dago," he remarked when he had finished the article. "It's tough on him, but what did he expect, to swipe that cross from my watch chain? Now, ten chances to one, he'll wind up in the chair."  
Nugent threw the paper away, but what he had read did not get better of so easily. In the sea-saw of his emotions there, him into varying moods. His conscience was waged and distorted as it was, strove, bravely, and—  
"It's funny how this business makes a fellow feel! Just as if I should go to the noares, telegraph office and wire them that 'by God, I will!'"  
The God, how a grip on Nugent and was leading him to the nearest telegraph office. Then the pad, the older stand-by, asserted itself.  
It was the hour of evening's coming. A bird in the thicket began to carol his evening song. Like an anthem of thanksgiving the clear notes swung through the gathering vapors to the skies above. All nature seemed to have intoned a drooping, thrilling lullaby of rest, crooned by a chorus, impelled by trusting love. And even the ex-wardman felt the pervading whisper of creation.  
"This was something like living. To hell with him!" murmured Nugent, and returned to his post.

# S. G.

## LONDRES

# 10 Cent Cigar

It's No Equal.

# S. GRYZWISH,

MANUFACTURER

# Decorations for Weddings

—AND—

# Flowers Furnished For All Occasions.

FUNERAL DESIGNS A SPECIALTY.

# CAFSTICK'S, ROGERS STREET.

# Cemetery Lots

Card For and Turfing Done.

With increased facilities, the subscriber is again prepared to take charge of and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be entrusted to his care. He will also give careful attention to the building and repairing of monuments and the removal of bodies. In addition to work at the cemetery he will do turfing and grading in the city.

Cemetery lots for sale, also team and turf. Orders for lot and residence, corner of Richards Avenue and South Street, or by mail, or with Oliver W. Ham, 10 Street St., with complete price list.

M. J. GRIFFIN

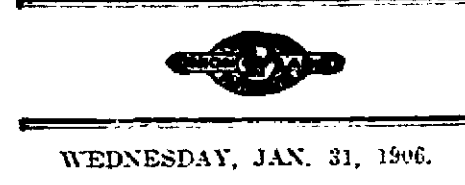


**THE HERALD.**

MINIATURE ALMANAC,  
JANUARY 31.

SUN RISES 6:58. MOON SETS 10:50 A. M.  
DAY SETS 4:52. FULL MOON 10:15 P. M.

First Quarter, Feb. 1st, 7h. 31m., morning, E.  
Full Moon, Feb. 9th, 2h. 36m., morning, W.  
Last Quarter, Feb. 15th, 11h. 22m., evening, E.  
New Moon, Feb. 23d, 2h. 57m., morning, E.



WEDNESDAY, JAN. 31, 1906.

**CITY BRIEFS.**

And still no snow.

The last day of January.

January has been good to us.

Are you in the brown-tail moth contest?

The Winter has no backbone to break.

Tomorrow ushers in the infant February.

Prepare for war against the brown-tail moth.

Lack of snow is displeasing to the teamsters.

It will be a pleasure to again greet Daniel Sully.

Baseball news has begun to appear in the papers.

More iron for the paper plant is daily expected.

A full moon is scheduled for the tenth of February.

The iceman is wondering what will the harvest be.

"The Power of the Church" at Music Hall this afternoon.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

Local interest in the Salem race track is not especially keen.

January will leave a record that is not likely to soon be equalled.

It is nearly time for dandelion greens to appear in the market.

Municipal questions continue to engage a great deal of attention.

Only one week of sleighing up to date, and that almost forgotten.

Many local hen fanciers will attend the poultry show in Exeter.

There is a large sale of incubators in this city at the present time.

Massachusetts celebrates Lincoln's birthday as a holiday. Not so New Hampshire.

The clock at the South End seems to give the city fathers a good deal of trouble.

Portsmouth patriots sincerely hope that the gallant old Constitution may be saved.

The Warwick Club holds an important meeting tomorrow (Thursday) night.

See Daniel Sully in his unique comedy "The Matchmaker" at Music Hall on Thursday evening.

"Lots of time for snow", says one old inhabitant. "I have known heavy snow storms in April."

The prophet who predicts plenty of snow and real winter weather yet is still heard in the market place.

Damon Lodge, Knights of Pythias, had an unusually entertaining anniversary celebration last evening.

This evening the Church Aid Society of the Pearl Street Church has a measuring social and entertainment.

Old Winter has as yet been allowed to assert himself only for a day or two at a time at long intervals.

The national Senate on Tuesday passed a bill fixing the allowances of the collector of the port of Portsmouth.

Friday is "ground-hog" day, on which the weather prophets learn what to prognosticate for the rest of the season.

Professional basketball, Portsmouth vs. Nashua A. A. Saturday, Feb. 2, at Peirce Hall. Reserved seats on sale at Bass'.

When Portsmouth people read of the doings of Count Witte and Baron Rosen they feel that the item has a decided local flavor.

The historic frigate Constellation, which was threatened with destruction by fire at Newport the other day, has frequently been seen in this harbor.

Can't look well, eat well or feel well with Impure blood feeding your body. Keep the blood pure with Burdock Blood Bitters. Eat simply, take exercise, keep clean and you will have long life.

The weekly meeting of the city government will probably not be abandoned until after the appropriation bill has been drawn up and passed.

Tickets are now on sale at Music Hall box office for the following performances: this evening, "Blow for Blow"; tomorrow evening, Daniel Sully in "The Matchmaker"; Friday evening, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

**OUR NAVY YARD**

**Men Who Have Worked Here In Its Interest**

**AND INFLUENCES THAT HAVE OPERATED AGAINST IT**

The following letter from Washington, written by Mr. W. S. Topping, secretary to Congressman Sulloway, will be read with much interest by the people of this section, on both sides of the river:

Owing to the fact that expenditures in the navy department promise to far exceed the appropriation for the present fiscal year, it has been necessary for that department to curtail expenses, and as a result a large number of employees is being laid off at the various yards. This affects Portsmouth, and is of interest to New Hampshire people. While it is a matter of regret that any men are to be discharged, still there is the crumb of comfort in it to Granite state people that the number in the New Hampshire yard is the smallest of any yard in the country, and five or six times less than it is at the Charleston, Mass., yard.

The reason for this wholesale laying off of men throughout the country is due to the fact that the present attitude of the House is in line of keeping the various departments pretty close up to the limit in the matter of their expenditures. In the past the policy has been in the departments to get all the money they could from Congress, spend that, and as much more as they desired, and then come to Congress and ask in the deficiency bill an amount to make up the difference. This matter has reached a focus, and there is a disposition on the part of the present Congress to curtail this to as great an extent as possible. Secretary Bonaparte appeared before the naval committee a few days since and stated that he was spending money faster than his appropriation would warrant, and asked for more, but his request was turned down, and hence came the order reducing the forces in the various navy yards. It is a reduction that under the circumstances is inevitable, and for which Congress cannot be blamed. New Hampshire is fortunate for the reason that the Portsmouth yard is the least "hard hit" of any yard in the country. Congressman Sulloway made a trip to the navy department recently and had a conference with the officials there, but they stated that absolutely nothing could be done, as they had simply exceeded their appropriation and the reduction in force must follow as a natural consequence.

Right along this line it is proper and not out of place to give a little resume of the Portsmouth navy yard, and to show what has been accomplished during the past eight years at that place. The Portsmouth navy yard has never had a better friend than Congressman Sulloway, and there is not a single member of the delegation that has done more for that yard than he. In season and out of season he has labored unceasingly in its behalf, and it has been one of his legislative "pets." In this respect Senator Gallinger should also be included, and probably more to these two men than anyone else is due the fact that today New Hampshire has one of the best equipped yards in the country. In the years of the perils and trials of the then little and insignificant yard they never deserted it or they never forgot it.

People in Portsmouth to whom the yard means so much, are little aware of all the hard work and of all the efforts put forth in the interest of the yard, and they little realize the obstacles that have been encountered and overcome, and the writer has on frequent occasions heard the members of the delegation criticised for not doing more. Every member of the New Hampshire delegation today is as loyal to the Portsmouth yard as though it was in his own town or his own dooryard, and through the persistent efforts of Senator Gallinger, Senator Hale of Maine, chairman of the committee on naval affairs in the Senate, has also become a loyal supporter of the New Hampshire yard, which means much. As to the members of Congress from Maine they take no more interest in the yard than though it was in Timbuctoo, except perhaps once in a while, when they want to get some fellow a job.

The Portsmouth navy yard was marked for slaughter at one time, and along in the early nineties it was at such a low ebb that the date of its absolute discontinuance seemed only a question of a very short time. It was not looked upon with favor by the navy department, and officers did not like to be assigned there, and

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Opposite Postoffice.

when they were they immediately began to plan to be transferred elsewhere.

To a certain extent this is true today. For social reasons, naval officers would much rather be stationed at Boston, New York, Charleston, S. C., or San Francisco. Every member of the delegation knows this, and every one knows this has been a serious and important thing to contend with. It has to a certain extent prejudiced the naval officers against the yard and they have quietly and persistently "knocked" Portsmouth in season and out of season, from the close of the Civil war to the present time.

While Portsmouth is an ideal location naturally, it did not have the social features that the officers desired, and this is no reflection on the good people of the seaboard city, but their naturally quiet and puritanical ways did not appeal to many of the naval officers who wanted and desired to be located where they might mingle with "society" and with the "smart set."

The development of the Portsmouth navy yard has been brought about against the opposition of the navy department, the naval officers and of Congress. It has taken years to convince Congress with the quiet but effective work that has been going on against it by certain men in the department, that Portsmouth would ever amount to anything as a navy yard, and the brunt of this battle has fallen upon Senator Gallinger and Congressman Sulloway, the two veterans today of the New Hampshire delegation. Of late years Congressmen Currier and Senator Burnham have heartily cooperated, but when they entered the struggle the battle was partially won. Congressman Sulloway made and carried on a struggle for a dry dock, in the House, when less persistent men would have long since given up in despair, and the magnificent million dollar structure today stands as a monument to his efforts. Its construction saved the Portsmouth yard. The removal of Henderson's Point, at a cost of over half a million dollars, was passed only after a most bitter contest, and I venture the prediction that it never would have been done, except through the strong personality of the "Tall-Pine". Senator Gallinger did in the Senate what Mr. Sulloway did in the House, and the battle was won.

Just as a little food for thought it might be well to state here that during the last eight years, or since the time that Congressman Sulloway began to be an important factor in Congress, the Portsmouth navy yard has received for public works and improvements the sum of \$4,515,825. In the eight years previous to that the total amount received was only \$99,717. This gives the public some idea of what work has been done, and how much has been accomplished by the New Hampshire delegation, since it obtained its present standing and present influence in Congress. Because a few men are temporarily laid off at times, the public is apt to criticize the delegation, and think they are not doing anything, and it is not a bad idea, once in a while, to call attention to the fact that what has been done in the last few years.

The Herald does not fully agree with everything set forth in Mr. Topping's interesting letter. While it would not detract in the slightest degree from the merit of credit due Congressman Sulloway and Senator Gallinger, both of whom have worked continuously and persistently to advance the interests of the Portsmouth navy yard, it considers that the advancement of the yard to its present position of importance has been much aided by the efforts of others; and in this connection may be mentioned very prominently the name of Hon. William E. Chandler, who as one time secretary of the navy, later chairman of the naval committee of the United States Senate and as a private citizen since his retirement from the Senate, has ever been a consistent and very influential supporter of this yard's interests.

The assertion that the development of the yard has been brought about against the opposition of the navy department we cannot agree with. Every important improvement made at the yard has been made with the approval and on the recommendation of the department; if opposed by the department they could not have been made, for certainly Congress would never have forced large expenditures on the Portsmouth navy yard in opposition to the recommendations and wishes of the navy department. Congress doesn't act that way.

Nor does The Herald consider that the naval officers detailed for duty at this yard have all—or as a rule—been antagonistic to its interests, and "knockers" against its advancement. Some of them may have been; but such have not been long here, and no effort has been made to retain their valuable services. Certainly no men have worked harder or more constantly for the advancement of the yard than the great majority of the officers who have held high positions there during the last ten or a dozen years, and their efforts have been of the utmost value in securing results.

There is enough honor to go around among all whose efforts have contributed to advance the Portsmouth navy yard to its present position, and each is entitled to his share.

**OUR NEGLECTED SHIPPING**

In a speech in the national Senate on Tuesday, in support of the shipping subsidy bill, Senator Lodge of Massachusetts made a plea for fair treatment of American seamen. He declared that they have been treated by Congress as highwaymen, and urged that they be given the same consideration that the promoters of other interests receive. He made the point that the United States had utterly neglected the shipping interest, while protecting other industries, thus reversing the policy of Great Britain. He also related the details of a combination of the vessel owners of Great Britain, France and Germany, with headquarters in London, formed for the purpose of controlling the rate of the freight on grain shipped from the United States. He said this combination controlled a tonnage of 1,366,000 tons, and that it had increased the freight rate from five to ten shillings per ton. He quoted circulars in support of his statement that this foreign combination was undertaking to control the grain freight business of the United States, and used the illustration to combat the idea that free competition gives better freight rates.

**PERSONALS.**

Elmer Emery is passing a week in Boston.

Harry P. Mowse returned to this city this (Wednesday) morning after a brief visit to Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Foster left today (Wednesday) for a five weeks' trip to Hot Springs, Ark.

Mrs. Ann O'Donnell, one of the oldest residents of this city, is seriously ill at her home on Liberty street.

Word was received in this city a few days ago of the death at Lynn, Mass., of Jerry Crowley, formerly of this city, where he resided for years. He was the husband of Annie Chadwick, also formerly of Portsmouth.

**NOTICE**

Boston Globe Readers:—Please save your unpledged votes for me. I need them. Votes will reach me through any High School pupil.

GEORGE T. RANN.

New Broad Street.

**ATTENTION AUTOISTS**

The Premier Quality car, air cooled, 16 to 24 H. P.; prices \$1250 to \$2250. Demonstration by appointment.

E. C. MORRILL.

Badger's Island, Kittery, Me.

**FATAL TREATMENT**

**Schoolboy Chloroformed for Surgical Treatment**

**AND DIED WITHOUT RECOVERING CONSCIOUS**

Merrill Rees, son of Capt. C. P. Rees, U. S. N., whose home is at Washington, D. C., died at four o'clock Tuesday afternoon while under the influence of chloroform, at the Holderness School for Boys.

Young Rees, while going to a pond to skate, tripped and fell, and cut a superficial gash in his thigh with one of his skates. As he asked to be given an anaesthetic before the wound was sewed up, the attending physician administered chloroform, and the boy did not recover from its influence.

Young Rees was attending his first term at the school, and was one of the most popular and promising boys there. His untimely death has cast a deep gloom over the school.

His father, Capt. C. P. Rees, is a member of the court martial engaged in trying cases of hazing at the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He was informed last evening of the death of his son, and he and Mrs. Rees left Annapolis this morning for Holderness.

**FRACTURED RIBS**

**Mrs. Hattie A. Miles Slipped And Fell Tuesday Forenoon**

Mrs. Hattie A. Miles met with a painful accident at her home, No. 14 Hill street on Tuesday forenoon. While walking in the yard, she slipped and fell, sustaining a fracture of two ribs.

Her injuries were attended to by Dr. Cheever.

**VISITORS FROM DOVER**

Receive Initiation at Meeting of Olivet Commandery, K. of M.

Olivet Commandery, Knights of Malta, of this city, on Tuesday evening initiated five members of Valetta Commandery of Dover into the mysteries of the Knights of the Green degree. The ceremonial work was finely done.

After the meeting, the visitors were hospitably entertained and an oyster supper was served.

The degrees of the order are being jointly worked by Olivet and Valetta Commanderies. The tenth or Gold degree will be exemplified in Dover some time in February and the eleventh or Priestly Pass in this city in March. The candidates of both commanderies will later be received into the appropriate order of the Red Cross and Purple. It is intended to make this latter occasion one of more than ordinary importance.

**MIDWINTER SOCIAL**

Will Be Held by the Elks Tomorrow Night

Portsmouth Lodge of Elks will hold a midwinter social tomorrow (Thursday) night and the event promises to be an interesting one for the organization. The members of the Daniel Sully company and the Colonial Stock Company will be entertained at the rooms by the lodge.

Several talented members of the order are down on the boards for their share of the acting or entertaining, and Dan Regan will provide lots of good things to eat and says his part of the affair ought to pack the house.

**ASPHALT CRACKS GROWING**

The cracks in the asphalt paving on Market street and Market square do not grow any smaller, but on the other hand are opening up by degrees. A crack of thirty feet or more long, in front of the Portsmouth Savings bank, is now open an inch, and it looks as if it had only commenced to spread, and the other places on Market street will soon need the attention of somebody or the whole thing will be divided into sections.

**MASONIC INSTALLATION**

The following officers of the Ineffable Lodge of Perfection were installed last evening by the retiring T. P. G. M., Horace A. Massey:

T. P. G. M., Henry I. Durgin;  
D. G. M., Fred B. Coleman;  
S. G. W., Albert R. Jenkins;  
J. G. W., Charles C. Smith;  
Treasurer, Frank L. Pryor;  
Secretary, Albert H. Entwistle;  
Orator, Edward H. Adams.

**UNSEASONABLE FIRE**

A grass fire near the Rollins farm on the Portsmouth and Dover branch of the Boston and Maine railroad, Tuesday afternoon, gave the section crews much work, and the fire at one time came near starting a blaze among some of the summer houses near by. A grass fire at this time of year is something to put down in your diary.

**FUNERAL NOTICE**

Funeral services of Mrs. Fannie A. Wilson will be held at the home, 23 High street, Thursday afternoon at two o'clock. Friends invited.

**PACK BOX THIS AFTERNOON**

The ladies of the Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Church will pack a box in the vestry this afternoon.

**Going Out of Business This Week**

5 and 10c Cigars 4 and 7c each  
Tobacco 35c Per Pound  
Pipes Below Cost.

**JOHN M. COLEMAN**

73 Congress St., Portsmouth.

**NEXT SATURDAY**

THE STORE LATELY OCCUPIED BY MR. WOODS THE TAILOR HAS BEEN LEASED BY US AND WILL BE OPENED FOR BUSINESS NEXT SATURDAY. THE WALLS HAVE BEEN REMOVED, GIVING A VERY SPACIOUS STORE WITH TWO ENTRANCES. WE OPEN A NEW DEPARTMENT—

**WASH - GOODS**

—WILL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT IN FRIDAY'S PAPERS.

**FOYE'S** THE BUSY LITTLE STORE THAT 'GROWS' MARKET SQUARE

**CHARLES J. WOOD.**

Mr. Wood is now occupying his new store, formerly the office of the Rockingham National Bank, Pleasant Street, where he has accommodations for his increasing business. The public is cordially invited to visit Mr. Wood at his new place of business and inspect his new line of cloths.

**CHARLES J. WOOD,**

Custom Tailor, Pleasant Street.

**Walden's Market, Vaughan Street.**

**MEATS, VEGETABLES, CANNED GOODS.**

GOODS DELIVERED PROMPTLY TO ALL PARTS OF CITY

menced to spread, and the other places on Market street will soon need the attention of somebody or the whole thing will be divided into sections.

**AT THE NAVY YARD**

Twenty-five laborers were discharged from yards and docks department on Tuesday.

Some of the men who are to be discharged from the steam engineering department have been allowed a day's vacation for the month of January.

One of the twenty prisoners sent here on Tuesday for the U. S. S. Southern deserted from the U. S. S. Hartford nearly three years ago. He was arrested by the civil authorities at Baltimore.

The construction and repair department has been notified to work according to the allowance for that department, which means, no doubt, a discharge, and which will practically hold up the work now in progress on the gunboat Isla de Cuba.

The four-masted schooner James B. Palmer has arrived with 2800 tons of coal for the yards and docks power plant.